Wavelength

Volume 1
Issue 1

October 24, 1979

In this Issue:

The Fonda Syndrome
A closer look at the actress and activist.

Affirmative Action
A profile and analysis of the UMB system and how, and if, it works.

George Skypeck
The Vietnam War and its aftermath through the eyes of an artist/veteran.

The Kennedy Library
A tour and a poetic welcome.

Plus fiction, poetry, and art . . .

SOLDIER

I was that which others did not want to be.
I went where others feared to go, and did what others failed to do.
I asked nothing from those who gave nothing, and reluctantly accepted the thought of eternal loneliness . . . should I fail.
I have seen the face of terror; felt the stinging cold of fear; and, enjoyed the sweet taste of a moment's love.
I have cried, pained, and hoped . . . but most of all,
I have lived times others would say were best forgotten.
At least someday I will be able to say that I was proud of what I was . . . . a soldier.

WE NEED A MAYOR WHO WON'T FORGET
WE ELECTED HIM,
WHO WON'T STOP WORKING FOR US.

or by [illegible] committee, Boston.

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Welcome to the first issue of *Wavelength*. We are trying to meet what we feel is a long-standing need for a UMass magazine of news, features, and the arts. We plan, once we get well underway, to publish at least twice each semester. We are working now with a system of changing editorship and literary editorship for each issue.

It takes a great deal of resources to produce a publication of this size and breadth. We would like to thank Chancellor Corrigan, President Knapp, and the Student Activities Committee for their support.

It also takes a great deal of energy. We vigorously encourage submissions and participation from the entire UMass community. Our office is 010/6/066 and our phone number is x2636. Deadline for issue number two is November 12. Get in touch.

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Special Thanks: Brigid Coffey, Linda Hurley, Richard Maddox, Mary Shaughnessy, the English Department, Point Press and the Cantab Lounge.

Politics and Reorganization

What it means for UMass/Boston

By Rick Bowers

Back in 1972, former Governor Michael Dukakis formed a legislative committee to look into the need for reorganizing the state's higher education system. Declining enrollment prospects, changing demographics, and friction between public and private institutions provided the impetus for that state house study. Today, seven years later, a conservative governor has been catapulted into office, public colleges and universities are feeling the crunch of fiscal austerity, and another legislative committee is forming to rethink the missions and goals of public higher education in Massachusetts.

While the reorganization process is still in its infancy, the ultimate repercussions for UMass/Boston could be astounding. For instance, if a plan recently unveiled by the Board ofHigher Education (BHE) ever becomes a reality, the University of Massachusetts at Boston would become extinct. This campus would then become part of a five school conglomerate called Boston City University, which would include Boston State College, Massachusetts College of Art, Bunker Hill Community College, and Roxbury Community College. The BHE's five school merger plan has met with strong opposition from a wide range of officials and students at UMass/Boston, as well as the other schools involved in the proposed merger.

"The BHE plan is a very bad plan," said UMass/Boston Chancellor Robert Corrigan. "They're talking about saving 25 per cent and the only way you achieve savings amounting to $11 million is by attacking the basis on which our campus is organized. If our faculty have to increase their teaching load, that means that research is cut back on and graduate courses would be cut back on. We would be turned into a super state college and I think we would lose whatever opportunity we have to become a real university."

In order for the state system to be reorganized, a plan must pass through the new committee in the legislature, be approved by the various boards of trustees, be passed by the full legislature, and signed into law by the governor. That cumbersome process could take two years or more, but some sources say that Governor Edward King is using his political influence to hurry the reorganization process along. Earlier this year, King told a joint session of the legislature that he favored extensive reorganization solely for the purpose of cutting state spending.

Some of the more influential political bodies that will have a voice in the reorganization process include the Board of Higher Education, the Governor's Office, the Office of the Educational Affairs, and UMass Board of Trustees. One of the questions that students are beginning to ask is whether their voice will be heard in these decisions.

"When people talk about reorganization they just take the present system, throw it up in the air and, by some plan or scheme, let it come down in a whole new system."

Rep. James Collins

"In order to influence reorganization we have to do more educational work among the students," said Joseph Allen, a spokesperson for a group called the Committee Against Budget Cuts and Tuition Hikes. Last year, the group spearheaded a demonstration against Governor King's proposals to reduce spending and raise tuition on public campuses across the state, and this year reorganization is one of the group's main priorities. According to Allen, reorganization threatens the quality of education by focusing on professional studies over liberal arts and by emphasizing private over public higher education. "We will be going to the legislative committees, presenting our case, and going to the Board of Trustees," said Allen. "If that doesn't work we will have to go to sit-ins and so forth . . . reorganization by their standards is bad." In addition, UMass/Boston student trustee Nancy Cross is attempting to get students involved in reorganization. Cross said that UMass/Boston students will be part of the legislative committee currently being formed at the state house.

Boston City University

The BHE's plan to consolidate the five Boston area schools was submitted to the governor last month and will be reviewed by the legislative committee in the state house. According to Edward McGuire, former chancellor of the BHE and a strong supporter of the plan, the Boston merger could result in a savings of more than $10 million for the commonwealth. McGuire also claims that the merger would improve the quality of education in the state by offering fiscal incentives to institutions that upgrade their offerings, by setting up a state-wide commission on academic quality, and by strengthening the administrative power of the BHE. "The problems of students in the Boston area are unique." said a BHE spokesperson. "Boston City University would be able to really focus on the needs

John Gilooly

UMass Chancellor Robert Corrigan

Stephanie Romanos

The future of Mass. College of Art as an independent art institution seems seriously threatened by reorganization. Both the UMass and BHE plan would bring the school under the umbrella of a university complex.

of the students and would be able to reshape the mission of UMass/Boston to those unique needs." The BHE plan would bring UMass/Boston, Massachusetts College of Art, Boston State College, Roxbury Community College, and Bunker Hill Community College under one umbrella. All five schools would be combined into a city university. The ties between UMass/Boston and UMass/Amherst would be severed.

The UMass Plan

As an alternative to the BHE plan, the UMass Board of Trustees have come up with a proposal of their own. The UMass plan calls for consolidating Massachusetts College of Art with UMass/Boston. The UMass proposal does not address the question of what, if anything, will happen to Boston State College. Under this plan, a statewide university system would be maintained and the ties between the Amherst and Boston campuses would not be severed.

"The University of Massachusetts Center at Boston (will) combine the current University of Massachusetts at Boston with Massachusetts College of Art (maintained as a distinct unit) and will assume responsibility for all four-year undergraduate programs in the liberal arts and in preprofessional and professional areas deemed needed in the Boston area," the UMass plan reads.

The proposal to bring Mass. College of Art into the university system was drafted by the board at an emergency meeting the day after the BHE merger plan was announced. UMass trustee Paul Marks claimed that the BHE plan was dangerous because it consolidated campuses that had nothing in common. Marks characterized the proposal as "a geographic approach to reorganization" and said that it would not work because it would simply "consolidate random pieces that have the same zip code."

The UMass plan also calls for expanding the state's network of two-year community colleges in order to provide low cost access to students who are just entering the higher educational system.

The Legislature

While there seems to be widespread disagreement about how reorganization should take place there is also widespread acknowledgement that reorganization is inevitable. Declining numbers of high school graduates and costly duplication of administrative services are the two main reasons authorities give for revamping the present system. According to Representative James Collins, a member of the special commission on reorganization, the question is not whether the process will take place. "I guess what it comes down to is that the demographics are changing, there's no way we can wish that away, that's all there is to it," Collins said. "And unless we act to take the initiative, to review the missions of higher education, to reassess its goals, the system will be reorganized anyway — but it will take place chaotically and it will take place through the budget and it would take place in a helter-skelter sort of fashion."

Gov. King's primary focus is on saving state money.

According to Collins, the legislative committee will not be in a position to approve any plan for reorganization for at least two years. The Amherst Democrat said that both the UMass and BHE's plans were only a starting point for the committee. He said that the process should go slowly so that students, faculty members, and interested citizens could have a voice in the decision-making process. "When people talk about reorganization they just take the present system, throw it up in the air, and by some plan or scheme, let it come down in a whole new system. What I think we ought to do is to look at what students' needs are and see where we're going in the next ten years," said Collins.

At this time, the appointments to the special commission on reorganization are just being made and the lines of demarcation for the upcoming political battle are just being drawn. The "taxpayers revolt" has hit Massachusetts and Governor Edward King's primary focus is on cutting state spending. On the other hand, most supporters of public higher education are determined to preserve a strong and viable statewide university system. The future of UMass/Boston now rests with these two opposing forces.

Rep. James Collins

The Jane Fonda Syndrome

By Loren King

If eras begin with illusion and end when that illusion is shattered, then the 1960's began with John F. Kennedy and ended with Watergate. During that span of fifteen years, America saw an unprecedented change in the social, cultural, and political attitude of its people. For most of those people, the most dramatic catalyst for those changes was the Vietnam War.

The war forced us to look at ourselves and at our country in ways we never had before. It forced us to question our beliefs in our government and in the men we elected to represent us there, beliefs most of us had held since childhood. It forced us to question our values, our education and our socialization. It forced us to question what it really meant to be an American. The answers to these questions proved to be an irrevocable turning point in the lives of millions of Americans. One of those millions of Americans was Jane Fonda. When a time capsule is made of those fifteen years called the 60's, it most certainly should contain a photograph of Jane Fonda, microphone in hand, jabbing the air with her fist, her expression a mixture of anger and fear, her shag haircut falling girlishly around her face. And included with it should be a photograph of Jane as Barbarella, the film she made in 1968, the year Kennedy and King were killed, the year Nixon was elected, the year of the Tet offensive. After 1968, Jane Fonda would never be Barbarella again.

There is a scene in *Coming Home* where Sally Hyde (Fonda) tells her paraplegic lover, Luke Martin (John Voight), that she is afraid to face the return home from the war of her husband Bob. "I don't know what's going to happen with Bob and me, Luke," she says. "He's not going to like the fact that I've changed. And I have changed."

Jane Fonda speaks that last line with a quiet conviction that recalls the innocence, bravery, sentimentality, and self-importance of all those who, in that same place and time, were realizing how deeply the war had affected them. It is a realization Fonda knows first-hand. And if she initally embraced her activism with naive zealousness and, sometimes, defensiveness, it was because she know that she had found, at least, a partial answer and had to hold onto it, since there was no turning back.

On an October night in 1973, Jane Fonda, her husband Tom Hayden, and several other anti-war activists came to speak at Bishop Connally High School in Fall River, Mass. The mood was somber for the occasion. There were no television cameras, reporters, or press photographers. The auditorium, barely three quarters full, was made up mostly of hippies and activists. After the initial speeches were made, Jane stood in the aisle to present and narrate a show compiled of slides from her trip to Vietnam. A middle-aged woman asked Jane for her autograph and Jane silently shook her head and inserted another slide. I was sixteen years old at the time and, having already seen *Klute* nearly a dozen times, had gone to that talk to stargaze. In the

meantime, I heard a former political prisoner speak, saw Jane's compelling slide presentation, and gained a new understanding of both the woman and the war. I went to see Jane fonda, but I left with a whole lot more.

HANG FONDA — TRAITOR
—graffiti on a wall in
in Grand Central Station

She was one of the few celebrities to speak out publicly against the war before it became fashionable. She paid dearly for that. Labeled a traitor and a subversive by the right and an elitist by the left, Jane found herself in a catch-22: she was singled out for attention for her views by the public and by the media *because* she was a celebrity. Then she was either discredited (she's just a movie star, what does she know?) or, worse, criticized as a phony if she tried to keep a low profile. At the same time, there were those who wanted to exploit her celebrity status for their own interests. Jane was damned if she did and damned if she didn't.

When the 1972 Academy Awards rolled around, Jane was heavily favored to win the Best Actress Oscar for her performance in *Klute*. There were those within the movement who wanted her to decline the award on the grounds that it was elitist (just as there were those who wanted her to give up acting altogether for the same reason), while others pressured her to seize the airtime and make an anti-war speech. Jane, however, would not be swayed by either guilt or intimidation concerning this issue. "The Oscar is what working people relate to when they think of people in movies," she told Tim Findley of *Rolling Stone*. "That's what the masses of people in America who think I'm a freak and who think that people who support the Panthers and speak out against the war are all some kind of monsters, relate to. It's important that those of us who speak out for social change to get that kind of acclaim. It means that we're legitimized in the eyes of those working people — those people who we have to reach and make understand that our cause is legitimate too." So on Oscar night, 1972, when Jane stood at the podium to accept the best actress honors, she simply gave her thanks and added, "there's a great deal to say and I'm not going to say it tonight."

There was a different kind of pressure from the right, more aggressive and more blatant. Besides the slew of hate mail and threatening phone calls, Jane Fonda did not make a commercial Hollywood film in the four years that followed *Klute* because she was, essentially, blacklisted.

During the Nixon administration, Fonda was under surveillance by the FBI. She recently obtained over 59,000 pages of her file on microfilm. In a recent interview, Fonda revealed some of the contents of those files: "They include orders from J. Edgar Hoover to the FBI office in Los Angeles authorizing them to send a letter written by a ficticious person to Army Archerd, the Hollywood gossip columnist. The letter was to say that this person who didn't exist had seen me at a rally raising money to buy weapons for the Black Panthers and leading a chant with foul language calling for the assasination of Richard Nixon. At the bottom of the memo Hoover said — I don't remember the exact words — but it was something like, 'This will embarrass her and neutralize her and her community.' " These tactics are almost identical to the ones the FBI used on actress Jean Seberg — linking her to the Black Panthers via a gossip columnist — that resulted in her recent tragic suicide.

"Well, we were wrong and she was right."
—Johnny Carson introducing Jane Fonda on the Tonight Show in 1977, her first appearance on the show since the end of the war.

Jane Fonda was the target of anger, bitterness, resentment, and hatred during the war because she did not conform to her role in this society as both a woman and as a celebritv. America has never been overly kind to people who step out of their designated roles.

In the early 1970's, it was still not universally accepted that a woman should be so publicly outspoken about her beliefs and work actively for political change. Even among the left, women were often regulated to the mimeograph machines while men assumed leadership positions and made the decisions.

Basically, it was a question of Jane's style. She was direct, brash, angry, articulate, and not afraid of offending anyone. This is still not "acceptable" behavior for a woman in the public eye, but it was even less acceptable in 1972. When journalists went to interview Fonda in those years they later admitted they went expecting her to be defensive, humorless, and uptight, spouting political rhetoric at every turn, so conditioned were they into believing that outspoken women were insensitive, inhuman creatures. It is doubtful that this stereotype would have applied to a male actor/activist in the same position. (As Neely O'Hara in *Valley of the Dolls* said, when a man refuses to play an objectionable scene, they say he has in-

Cont. on pg 26

Cafeteria 010

On the very corner of the parapet,
Framed with Dorchester's painted tanks,
Sits this eagle-shouldered pigeon,
Peering through these panes, perhaps,
At a hundred hungry undergrads.
Its shadow on the rain-wet tile
A cup shape, tiny pedestal.
Stretching, bristling only once
In a quarter hour, it sits
Still in a gray mist rain.
It stays for what, but it stays
—The coffee cooling in its styrofoam—
Long enough to line a poem,
Or sketch a monumental form
For the back of some strange coin.
This oily harbor color dove,
Waiting for what, do I know of?
Alive but still, abstract
As those barrels of red and yellow
Some artist did behind its back.
Attending what? Things above,
The flap of the other sex's love,
Or the descending whine of a Boeing's wings,
Or private pigeon-minded things?
Or broods like me in the morning's slack
On a recent ill-advised snack?

Glenn Sheldon

A First Tour of the Kennedy Library

By Michael Trainer

"I have been interested in the sea from my earliest boyhood . . . My earliest recollections of the United States Navy go back to the days when as a small boy I used to be taken to the U.S.S. *Constitution* in Charlestown, Massachusetts. The sight of that historic frigate with all its tall spars and black guns stirred my imagination and made history come alive for me."

(From the Introduction by John F. Kennedy to *Old Ironsides: The Story of the U.S.S. Constitution* by Thomas P. Horgan.)

Stark, white, and alone against a background of waves and islands is how the John F. Kennedy Library at Columbia Point appears to its visitors. The library stands like a lighthouse, tall and solitary against the rolling ocean.

The location and design of the new library are intended to create just that impression. The structure, dedicated to the late president, was built to remind library patrons of Kennedy's fondness for the sea.

The recent library dedication ceremony marked the official takeover of the facility by the federal government. President Carter received the building on behalf of the government from the John F. Kennedy Library Corporation.

The sculptured building of pre-formed concrete and glass cost approximately $20.6 million to build, according to Jim Williamson, public information officer for the J.F.K. Library. The structure, which rises 110 feet in the air within a few yards of the water's edge, was designed by I.M. Pei of New York and constructed by the Turner Construction Company.

Michael Trainer

The sculptured building of pre-formed concrete and glass cost approximately $20.6 million to build and rises 110 feet in the air, only a few feet from the water's edge.

The building is 115,000 square feet in total area and is a combination of several geometric shapes. Large white columns and rectangles face the campus, while a huge glass-enclosed lobby can be found on the inside. The back of the library gives way to a large glass enclosure that presents a spectacular view of the ocean and the harbor islands, in addition to South Boston and the Boston skyline.

Museum exhibits of Kennedy memorabilia are on the fiest two levels along with two three-hundred seat theatres. The third level contains audio-visual facilities and a darkroom to allow researchers to examine the 15,000 photos and film contents of the library. The fourth level is a research area while levels 5, 6, and 7 are rooms for library staff and administration. The last two levels, 8 and 9, are storehouses for the archives and papers.

Visitors arrive on a road that circles the university, driving along the seaside until they reach the library's large plaza and lot. Ticketing and information operations are just inside the entrance on the second level. Moving through the lobby, the ticket-holder goes into a theatre waiting room where he or she can see on the walls pictures of President Kennedy and, through the window, a view of his sailboat, the *Victura*.

After seeing a film on the life of John Kennedy, produced by Charles Guggenheim, visitors leave the theatre and look at the series of exhibits which start with the Irish immigration in 1840 and go through the 1968 presidential campaign. Designed by Chermayeff and Geismar Associates of New York, the museum is

arranged in such a way that visitors can pass through a central circular space containing the presidential desk and a series of exhibits and then into a variety of special areas.

One, for example, presents a slide show depicting a presidential day, another offers a series of excerpts from presidential press conferences.

Leaving the exhibits, visitors enter the pavilion which looks out to the open ocean and is adjacent to the archives tower.

The exhibits are specifically designed to enable library staff to develop special tours for students and other groups which will concentrate on particular aspects of American government and politics: campaigning, the role of the president, the president and the press, and the responsibilities of a member of Congress or a Cabinet officer.

In addition to Kennedy's papers and memorabilia, the library has sought and received the papers of persons associated with Kennedy and his administration. The library collection also includes more than 115,000 still photographs, 6 million feet of motion picture film, and 20,000 books on government and politics.

Kennedy originally wanted his archives to be closely associated with Harvard University and chose a site on the Charles River, across the street from Harvard's undergraduate houses, as an ideal location. According to Richard Neustadt, first director of Harvard's Institute for Politics, "The idea was to bring life to the site within a Harvard context. Association with the Archives and Museum was to keep the Institute and school committed to Kennedy's spirit, conscious of community obligations, and, in my mind most important, part of a public enterprise. The school kids, outside college students, tourists and their interests and their presence would constantly remind us all that there was a world to serve out there, outside of Harvard." The Commonwealth of Massachusetts purchased the designated site and donated it to the federal government for the construction of the library.

However, numerous problems with the location developed, including strong dissent from the local Cambridge community, and culminating with the release of a controversial environmental impact statement on the effects the library would have on the surrounding area. In the face of protracted litigation and ever-increasing construction costs, a new site was sought. Columbia Point was finally chosen because of its proximity to Boston, its association with UMass/Boston, and because the plan was received very favorably by both area residents and the university.

"President Kennedy tried to impress upon people, especially young people, the potential for effective public interest offered them by the political process."

Library Director Dan H. Fenn, Jr. said that he hopes to develop more programs in conjunction with UMass. Former UMass president Franklin Patterson has been appointed to act on the part of UMass/Boston as the Kennedy Library liaison.

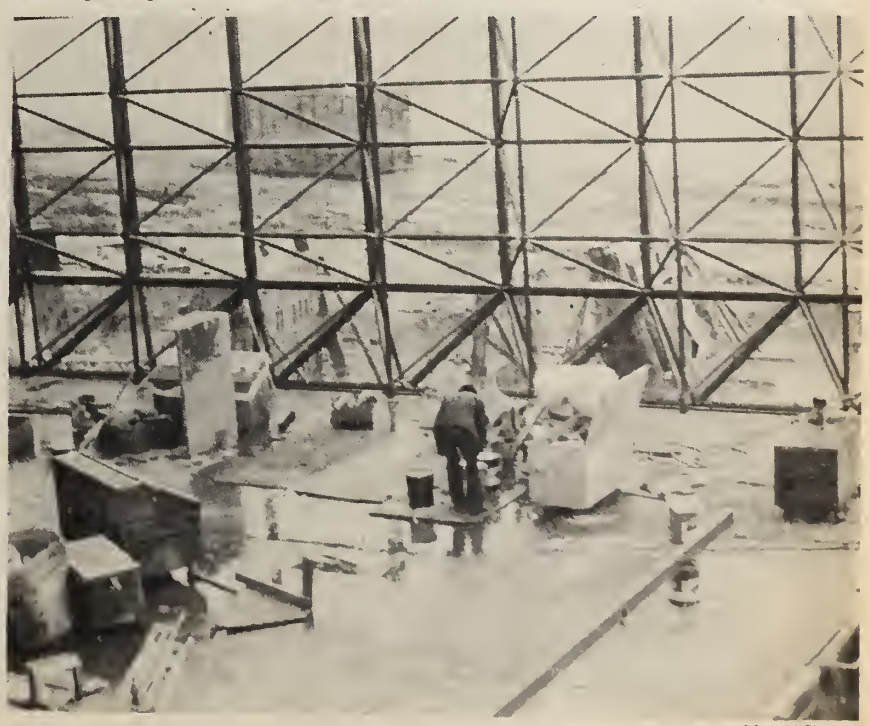
The library, which has been completed since October 20, has been open to the public since October 22. Admission to the museum is 75 cents for those over sixteen and free for children.

The John F. Kennedy Library was built to serve a dual purpose. It is a museum and storehouse for memorabilia of the Kennedy presidency and it is a research facility for those interested in presidential politics. In addition, the library will continue to sponsor projects connected with its collections.

"With increased understanding may come participation. Time after time, President Kennedy tried to impress upon people, especially young people, the potential for effective public interest offered them by the political process. He saw politics as a noble profession and sought to roll back the widely-held and mindless cynicism about those who practiced the art and about the process itself.

Using the exhibits as a teaching museum, working with teachers and students in a variety of environments, bringing programs and exhibits out to communities, building traveling exhibits and holding conferences, stimulating the creation of curriculum materials, capitalizing on the research resources in a number of ways — through these and other methods that will unfold as we move ahead, the Kennedy Library hopes to make some contribution to the fulfillment of that purpose."

(Dan Fenn, Jr., director of the John F. Kennedy Library)



Michael Trainer

The library was designed by New York architect I.M. Pei and was built by the Turner Construction Company.

Dedicated to the JFK Library

Remember when they called on you in class,
And you wished you were more eloquent, and smarter?
That's how I feel, standing on this dais,
In the shadow of this building, and of Kennedy and Carter.
In the Age of Pindar, poet laureates
Wore crowns of green. Let me be your Mad Green Hatter!
It's protection, for they say the glass
Of I M Pei has been known to shatter!
And I fear that the top brass
Of my old Alma Mater
(Whose motto's "Veritas"),
When they hear me flatter
This location at UMass
As possessing desiderata
Beyond what Harvard has,
May find me Poeta Non Grata!

Well, wearing this fool's hat, sign of the fool's sanity,
I'll take some bits and pieces of this place and this occasion.
And sing, out loud, both threnody
And song of jubilation
For John Fitzgerald Kennedy,
Great leader of this greatly human nation.
His Ivy League urbanity,
Working in combination
With old South Boston sanity,
Gave to his imagination
The length of history, the breadth of all humanity.
Here, from this seaside station,
We overlook a channel, "President's Roads" — O sweet amenity
That the choice of site observed that mark of navigation.

For though Harvard was the chosen place,
Though he we honor was its graduate,
It could not be, for all of its tradition and its grace,
So fit
To house in its embrace
His memory. Inland a bit,
It does not face,
As does this windswept, landfill spit,
The cargoed ocean, Logan's thunderous space.
This site was desolate;
The city's refuse was its base.
his monument will sit
Here, reminding us in abstract and in concrete ways
That we, though born of dust, may make great things of it.

The Man in the Green Hat
Duncan Nelson
for UMass/Boston

Poem Like a Fence

Seemingly pointless arrangements
of the day
Where nothing decisive happens
except decay,
From the spirit of the despondent
and impoverished,
To the bodies of those who languish
behind the manic stage.
And while in the unpleasant rashness
of boys calling girls hungry
In vast, cursive fields
where dynasties have confessed
Fears,
Like while in the April shower
a final gesture was spoken
About the uncertainty and discomfort
felt near spikes and
Hurricanes,
Stream of consciousness psychology
is uncovering the seminal suspicions
Of the madman counting bodies on the beach.
And then it's back to grottos
and corners,
Shaded offerings and responses
while interested only in not
Dying alone among things or stuff.

Gary Evans

Without Special Arrangements

Pick me up
and lay me down
what I did —
this recession
hasn't gone away
some pont in time
delivering orations
shaky self
to have written
wedge-shaped verbs
my son for collateral
because I loved him
a letter to Mama
I'm in trouble
in Boston
in San Jose
in unfamilar fields
with stone walls
that echo dawn's coming
that hide my mail
in warm soft crevices
I have come
to believe in.

Errol Miller

Bluebird

A short story by Roby Colodny

1

The tenth anniversary was approaching. At any moment he could still remember the day she died. he had come home from school, as usual alone, walking slowly up the tilted street, his eighth grade books crooked under the right arm. As he opened the afternoon-unlocked front door, he smugly thought he had aced his algebra midterm, and wouldn't his father be proud.

The latter was sitting in his favorite green armchair, staring at the door. The ashen look on his face and the way his body seemed to sink into the fabric told the boy his mother had died. The eyes were the clearest signal: it was the closest he had ever seen his father to tears.

"I got a call from your uncle this afternoon," he said, his professor's voice now husky and cracked with the weight of Death. "Your mother . . . died peacefully in her sleep last night. She didn't suffer." The boy, stunned, yet having sensed the coming emptiness during the months of illness, cried on the sofa, comforted by a family friend.

She had gone to California to be with her brother, a house-calling doctor well know in Napa Valley. He would care for her daily, and besides, Northern California was her home, something that Pittsburgh, where they had lived now ten years, could never be. The boy could not understand why she would fly three thousand miles away from him, but they did visit her over the New Year, as his father had promised. She had seemed to be convalescing well, her spirits were good; but her eyes, hollowing deeper into her face, and her wan complexion, told the truth. He had pretended not to see.

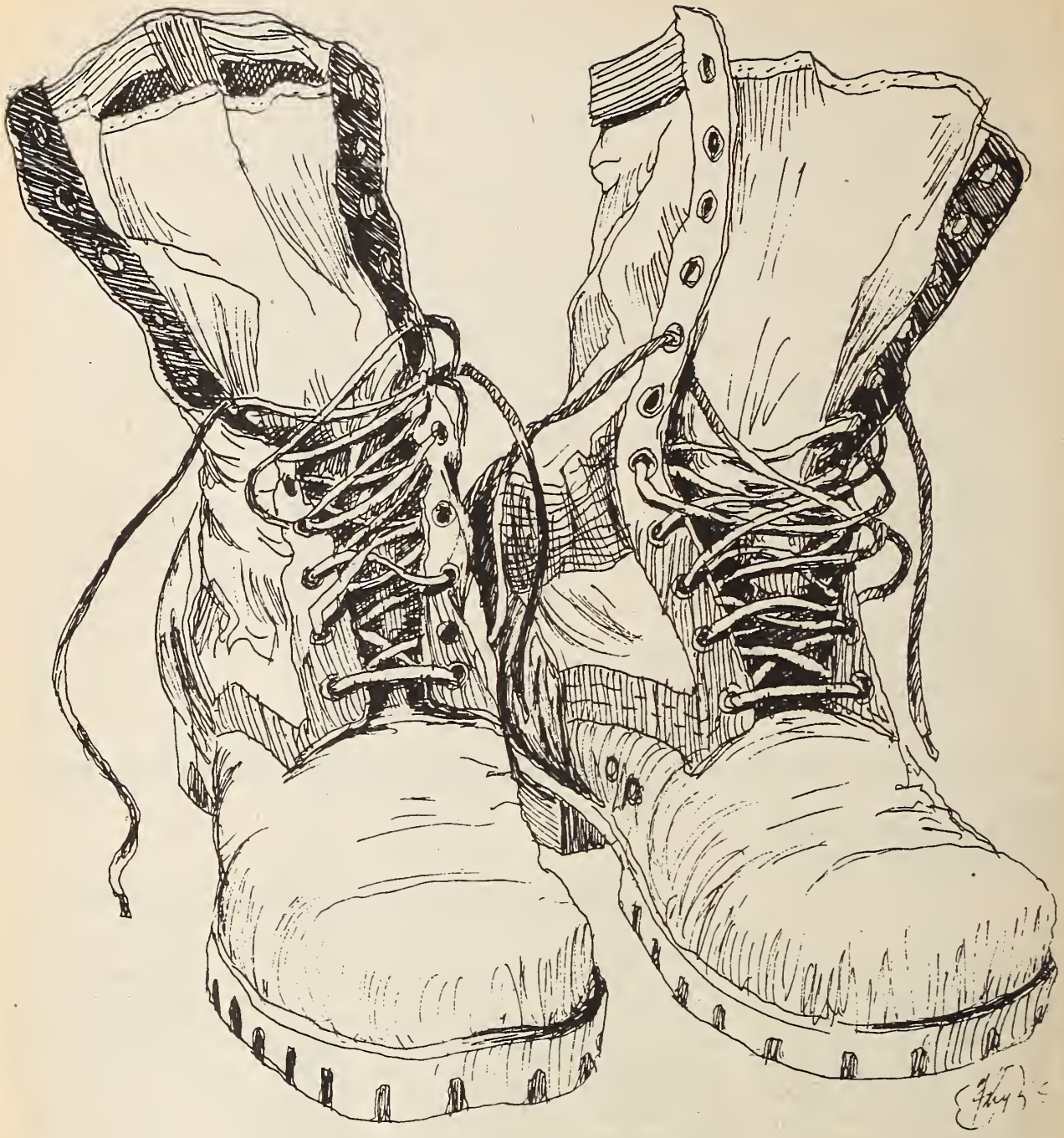
Sitting in his apartment, remembering, the pictures were like frames of a movie speeded up and edited piecemeal together. Going back to school the next day, few of his classmates speaking to him, everything so grey, so unimportant. And the service in the small Temple several days later; that had been worse.

He and his father had sat together in the first pew, no one on either side. listening to the Rabbi extol her virtues. Shifting back and forth uncomfortably on the hard wood, his eyes wandered over the mourners behind him to the stained glass windows and the high arch behind the Rabbi's podium. His father tightly gripped his hand, but he wanted to get out, to hide upstairs in his room and watch football. For it was too much, he couldn't take it in. Nine and a half years later, he still could not look Death straight in the eye like some brave gunman in the late night Western.

A few sparse images remained of her, slightly out of focus. The family on the porch, discussing the War and how long fireflies glowed in the dark. He and she in the coffin-like kitchen, the boy trying in his clumsy self-concious way to be helpful. There was also the recurring dream, her miraculous return to him after being away for so many years. No words, just him looking up at her in numbed reverence.

"It could be yesterday," he thought,

Cont. on pg 29



"Boots"

They say the hardships a soldier endures are best
expressed by his feet. They carry him through this
world; walk his dog; take him to school, and carry
him on his first date. Finally, they reluctantly
speed him into the hell of combat time after time.
It is no wonder that they remain behind as a lasting
memory of his final fatal charge . . . . one that could
have carried him to safety, but instead brought him
unwanted glory and eternal loneliness. These boots
remain mired in the mud of the Mekong Delta . . . where
they will be forgotten just as the life, love,
memories and hopes of the soldier who wore them.

Profile: George Skypeck

Artist, Vietnam vet, UMass/Boston graduate

By Steve Petrie and Stephen G. Cain

In many of the novels written about the Vietnam War, from David Halberstam's 1966 "One Very Hot Day" to the much more recent "No Bugles, No Drums" of Charles Durden and "Fields of Fire" by Jim Webb, there is a character, an officer who might aptly be called a "leader of men." He is usually dedicated, always brave and well-trained, sometimes sensitive, and always dies in combat by the end of the story: perhaps a symbol of what war does to "the best we have," to use a term from the era. Captain George Skypeck fits into this fictional mold somewhat. He is a genuine war hero — one wall of his living room is covered with medals and citations from the United States, the Vietnamese, and even the Australian armies. The difference is that Skypeck lived to make it back and talk about it. And he wants *to talk about it, perhaps that is the biggest difference between Skypeck and most other veterans.*

Actually, he does more than talk about it. Other walls of his Amherst apartment are decorated with his artwork, a large part of it scenes from the Vietnam War, ostensibly, but equally evocative of any modern war. His sketches hang on other walls as well; John Wayne (Skypeck and The Duke were acquaintances) owned Skypeck originals, and his work hangs in the homes and offices of friends and admirers all over the world, among the Dapper O'Neil. This spring, he and two other veteran-artists held an exhibition in Washington D.C. under the auspices of the Disabled American Veterans. The show was such a success that it was moved to the capitol rotunda and extended for an additional month. He has also recently completed a book, the working title of which is "Thunder and Light: A Vietnam Commemorative", which is a compilation of the experiences of the men — and the women, he is quick to point out — who served in Vietnam. A publisher has yet to be found, but with what amounts to a "Vietnam Renaissance" going on in all fields of artistic endeavor as America begins to wonder what happened to the country because of the war, it should not be long before "Thunder and Light" shows up in the bookstores.

Skypeck served at a variety of posts in Southeast Asia. His active duty began in 1965 and ended in 1974. He served two tours of duty in Vietnam as an intelligence expert and a Special Forces officer involved in numerous combat missions. He is fluent in Vietnamese and Thai and several other languages.

Skypeck graduated from UMass/Boston in 1976. This May he completed his graduate studies in public administration at UMass/Amherst. At UMB he studied politics, and, in the tradition, is a soldier turned, or turning, politician. The conversation we had with him kept coming back to the raw deal he feels the Vietnam vet has been left holding and what he and his fellow activists are doing about it. He is an articulate and energetic, at times abrasive, proponent of veteran's rights. He says that the stark images of his sketches are inspired partially by nightmares which recurred after his return to the States, and perhaps his aggresively held political views are as well, but the greater part of both his art and his politics must be ascribed to pride, basically, and to patriotism and the fierce loyalties bred by combat. And also, and this makes Skypeck and his fellow Vietnam vets different from those of previous wars, to a feeling that something has been left unfinished.

In a three-hour interview this September, Skypeck spoke out on numerous issues:

The Post-war treatment of the Vietnam veteran:

The Vietnam veteran has a peculiarity about the way history now has proven his actions to contain the possibility that he may have been *right* in what he did. Well, "right" is kind of academic, it's rhetorical . . . all we do know from what the papers have shown is that Southeast Asia and what has happened there closely resembles '39 and the Jewish people and the Polish people and Hitler running rampant. There is genocide going on over there right now. I think, speaking for myself, as a Vietnam veteran, plus a lot of the guys I know, I think we've taken on a new feeling; I think a lot of us are *angry* that we weren't allowed to finish the job that we believed in. That somehow, politically or whatnot, our hands were tied. We fought very, very well. When you consider the American fighting soldier in Vietnam — you took him off the streets, trained him in eight weeks, or sixteen weeks, and you sent his ass to Vietnam, and he had to go from street-wise to jungle-wise in one quick, easy lesson as the first round went whizzing by his ear — if he made it that night. You tell me how many other societies, how many other nationalities have that ability. You take a guy from Appalachia, a guy who didn't finish high school, and you put him in the boonies, and he survived, and he beat the best the North Vietnamese had to offer, with his hands tied politically behind his back. Yet he has gotton less for his efforts than his contemporaries . . .

I remember McNamara's 100,000.

They took guys out of the coal mines of Appalachia, off the streets of New York City, I had to train them, and I had to fight with them and they were damn good guys; Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, Blacks, poor Polacks like myself. Now I think about it and my biggest question to America is "What happened to McNamara's 100,000?" What happened to those guys who got drafted out of the coal fields, who had a fourth grade education? You sent him over to Vietnam, for a year . . . and great, you send him back and where's he go? Back to Appalachia? You know, they just shipped you back, you came home to an America that was torn apart, probably went back to try and understand where he was, probably a nightmare. This guy is starting to come alive now and starting to ask, "Hey, what happened to me?" And what can America do for him now?

Sociologists, psychologists, psychiatrists, and bureaucrats have stereotyped the Vietnam veteran into something he shouldn't have been stereotyped into. He is someone who should be looked at for individual faults and individual abilities, and one of the most prominent ones he has, which I think is significant and which given a chance should surface in the next decade, is that of *leadership*. The Vietnam veteran has been learning society, has been experiencing problems, has been solving these problems by himself, mostly. He has also been trying to fight a system for his benefits and for his place in it, and in many cases, like the guys you see at UMass/Boston, they have experienced a camaraderie, they have expressed a leadership potential, especially in politics that is significant. They're very politically wise, because they've been the pawns, if you want to call them that; they've been the objects of a lot of political decisions, national and international. So I think that particular point, the leadership potential, has to come up in any discussion of the stereotyping of the Vietnam veteran.

There's an estimated one million Vietnam combat vets, and an estimated half of those are suffering some form of readjustment problem. That's one whole hell of a lot of people out there who've got problems: There's an estimated nine million Vietnam era veterans. That's one considerable voting block. So I think it's about time America started looking at the Vietnam veteran for his value, his potential value.

The influence of John F. Kennedy:

God, I can remember Kennedy, I remember the day he was shot and how I felt. That whole book (*Thunder and Light*) involves the Kennedy era. That's not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country. And that's what motivated a lot of us to go, and do what we did. He was a charismatic leader. And we believed in, quote, the Kennedy era. And the Kennedy era asked us to go to Vietnam, and we did. Now, he may have been trying to get us out of Vietnam, as the history books claim, and we may have gotten into Vietnam as a peculiar situation or a twist of politics, but goddamn, now somebody has to answer the whole effect of that era on us. Because I'll tell you something very honestly: you show me a young man today who is going to believe in the call of his country. But I'll show you Vietnam veterans today, whose loyalty to this country has not wavered at all. I've found that most Vietnam veterans, if the country called, we would go back, we would fight again, without any illusions, and we'd do a good job.

On the Vietnamese:

I see it on the faces of the refugees, the boat people. Those of us who were stuck out in the boonies, you know, running around with the little people, we got to know them quite well. I was qualified in the Vietnamese language, and a few other languages, so I was assimilated into foreign societies. I remember when my father died I came home on emergency leave, my last tour there, the only person from any military establishment to send me a personal note of condolence was my Vietnamese counterpart, a Vietnamese major. It was all in Vietnamese, I had to read it to my mother and translate it all for her. It was the only individual, my commanding officer didn't do it, nobody did it, nobody gave a shit, except this individual, yet today I don't know if he's alive, dead, been wiped out by the enemy taking over, or if he's a refugee, or what. I've had some word from some State Department people that I served with who are now at different postings as to what happened to some individuals. And it's sad, I have personal feelings of sadness when I see what's happened to the Asians because I think if those people, well, it's probably partly their own fault, because a large part of the Asian leadership, Vietnamese and whatnot, did not have a popular base. But god, when you become godfather to your counterpart's daughter at a Buddhist wedding, or a Hoa Hao or Kao Dai Hoa Hao . . . If you read the newspapers recently, the Hoa Hao in the Delta are still fighting the NVA or the Vietnamese communists now, who took over. They always will. So, you fought with these people, you pained with them, sometimes you almost died with them, and all of a sudden, that whole chunk of your life . . . nobody wants to hear about it any more.

On UMass/Boston

I got a really good education. I think the politics department and the people that were there at the time were fantastic individuals. I thought UMass/Boston had a sense of urgency about it. All the people there . . . the veterans were of the Bostonian type. It was a big-city environment. There were some hard-charging guys there, who'd sit down and say, "Hey, man, where you from, what unit were you in?" There was a lot of camaraderie and you felt you *belonged*, and you weren't lost in the system, that's the key.

I must say there's a significant difference between what I knew at UMass/Boston versus what I see here at UMass/Amherst . . . difference in a lot of things. In my opinion, the caliber of the teaching, the interests of the students, the *maturity* of the students — I think UMass/Boston's got it all over these people here. I'm quite proud to be a graduate of UMass/Boston.

On pride:

Hey, you know, I wear them sometimes (his medals). I'm proud. I guess I really am proud that I served, because I did something and I guess a lot of Vietnam vets would feel the same way, if you really got down to the raw material, you know, sat down and asked them without fear of recrimination, are they proud of what they did? I think a lot of them would say, "Yeah". I don't have nightmares about what I did. I have nightmares about what they didn't let me do, and that is, finish the job.

Coming home:

You try and figure out what it feels like when you want to see someone you want to talk to a good-looking American or round-eye, meaning western-European type of woman, when all you've known is communications jargon, swearing at the top of your lungs and death, dying, and destruction, and you've got to conjure up this gentlemanly bullshit? You know, you've got to kiss her on the ear? Let me tell you something. I remember coming

back from the last trip to Vietnam to San Francisco, I had a day's layover there, and I had been writing a stewardess, and she was writing me. She picked me up at the airport and she wrote that she was driving a Javelin. And I said, "What the hell's a Javelin?" I had to ask a cop what a goddamn Javelin was. I'd been in this never-never land for a long time: So she drove up, picked me up at the airport, and the cop was laughing his ass off: "That's a Javelin down there." She cooked a fantastic steak, on which I immediately got sick, because my stomach was not used to that, you know, and even right now, remembering this, I'm tense, because this is personal information, and I hope it may shed some light on what the other vets may have felt, and maybe vets will give a little more of their personal feelings and personal experiences because it will *make the difference* in how they're viewed. But, yeah, I was sitting next to her and I was so scared and confused I started shaking all over — my teeth were chattering, I thought my fillings were going to fall out — because I didn't know what to do. And *that* is fear. But at the same time, I've faced .50 caliber fire, rockets coming in, mortars, charging across the dumb rice paddies, all that shit. That's easy to understand, but coming home, what do you say, "Hi, how's the weather been? What's been happening in the States for the last thirteen months?" Because you came back tense, because you assumed everyone was against you. You didn't know what to expect. When you came stateside you heard about the protests, the riots, you heard about guys getting killed walking around in uniform, just because they were Marines or something, and you say wow, unreal, and you still get tense when you think about it. How could your own countrymen do that to you? And then forget about you now? They don't want to hear that you exist because they'd like to forget their own guilt.

On *The Deer Hunter* and *Coming Home*:

I wrote MCA Corporation before *The Deer Hunter* came out and asked for their statement on the movie. They indicated that it was a fictional piece of work and had no real bearing to any statement on the war. But I came from that type of ethnic background — I'm Polish-Lithuanian and Czechloslovakian. And I empathized with DeNiro, not because I'm as handsome, but because he was in Special Forces, unconventional warfare. It was a good statement, initially, it was a good statement of the era — I saw gas for 26 cents a gallon. But unless you are a Vietnam combat veteran coming back, you wouldn't understand some of the very subtle acting that was going on.

"Too Close"

Like, I don't know her name, the woman, her reactions brought a lot back to me about when I was coming home. But there were problems with the movie. For the Vietnam veteran it's still not an accurate statement of who he was or what he did. But the movie *Deer Hunter* comes close to expressing some of the subtleties of the problems that he faced when he came home. It's still not an accurate representation of the overall feeling, the overall era, the personal statement of the Vietnam vet. Because not everyone was in Special Forces, you know? A gravel agitating Marine, a grunt sitting at Khe Sanh for thirteen months getting his shit blown away, it's not too dramatic — for him it is — but for the movies it's not, all it is is booming and crashing and dying, it's like *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

Now *Coming Home*, that really says something, but I think some of the sentiment toward the actress takes away from a lot of the impact of the movie. We're getting this mix of bitterness, I think, where society might try to do something, but they always fuck it up.

Disillusionment:

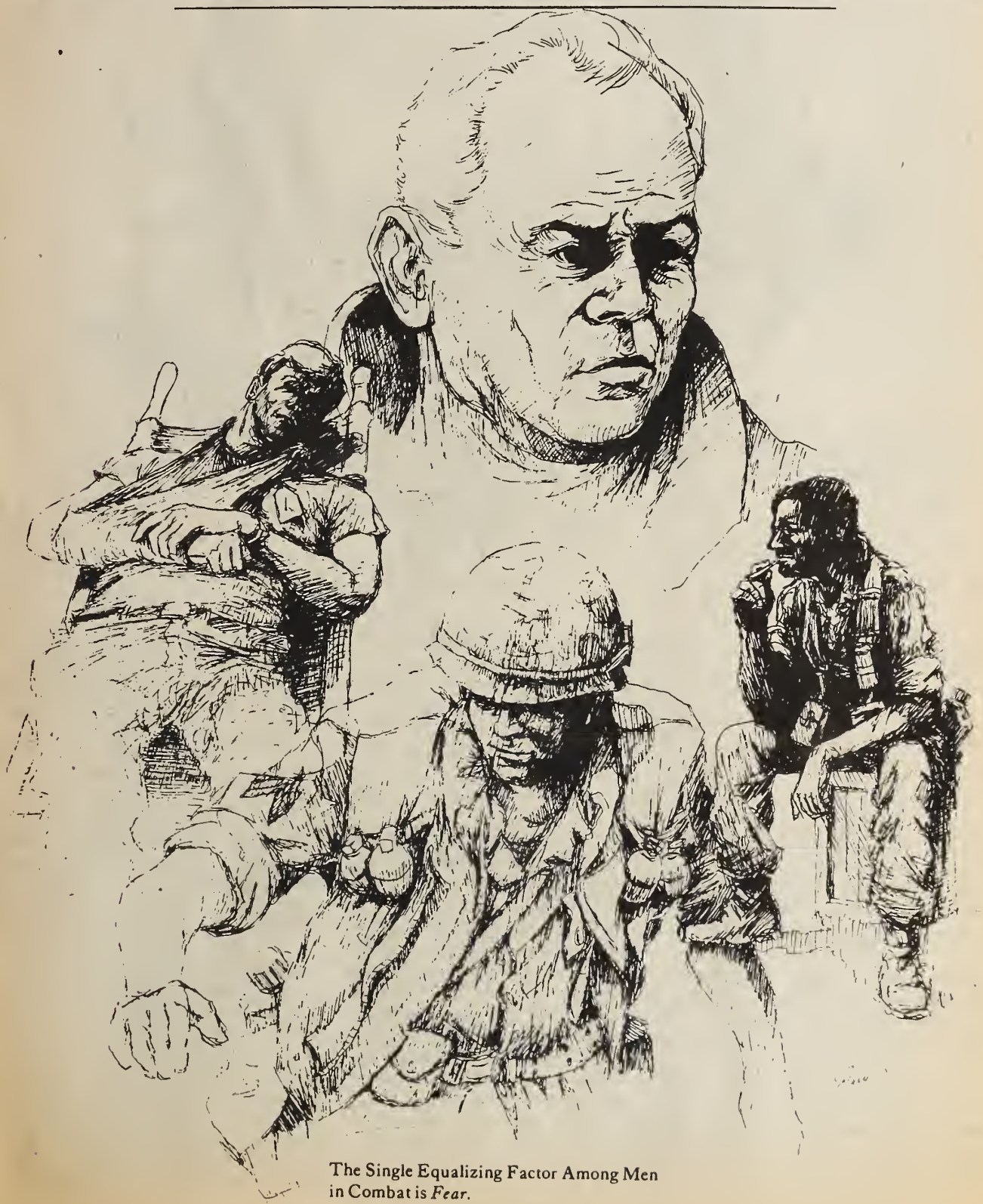
Disillusionment occurs with the first mortar attack, when the first round goes by you and you say, "This ain't a game." The ultimate disillusionment came very vividly on a mission with the 9th Infantry pulling point reconnaissance with the NVA and we'd gotten pinned down by a superior enemy force and we were sitting there for three days in water up our noses, running out of ammunition, and suffering bad casualties and finally it just came to me, it finally got very calm. The thought went through my mind, "Jesus Christ are my folks gonna be pissed off that I got killed over here in Vietnam." Right then and there I knew I was going to die; it was just such a hopeless situation and yet we survived. That was one kink of disillusionment. My disillusionment is with America, first of all. America hasn't shown any real personal integrity and hasn't addressed a lot of the problems that it should have addressed. It hasn't had the courage. I'm not saying the courage isn't there . . . it's just that somebody has been skirting the issue. Disillusionment with the way the war was held could go right up to the president. What does he know about running the war? Johnson was running the war from the White House and he'd never been on the ground when the B-52's were dropping 500 pounders and cutting a swath through the jungle that's three miles long and a mile wide and you're hanging off the trees cause you're 500 meters from where the bombs are falling and the ground is shaking and you're bleeding from the nose and eyes from concussion from the shock waves. Or when napalm comes down and sucks the air right out of your lungs and you walk through it and all of a sudden you got a piece of napalm sticking to your jungle boot and it melts the boot or you lean against a tree and get a burn, your uniform's on fire. Or knowing about not getting resupplied and living off of rice and fishheads and all the goddamn junk that you ate and not getting clean water and the lousy mail service. Kien Hoa province had a notoriety as the VC base headquarters. It was well known that the VC controlled the whole area. Who in his right mind puts forty Americans in the middle of all the fucking VC, right, but the Americans. Then they expect you to survive and I say now, "How the hell did I get out alive?" Disillusionment with the war came not as disillusionment, but as anger, a frustration, as tears. In 1975, I was with a bunch of guys who had been in Vietnam, all officers and NCO's, and we were listening to the broadcast of the closing days of the fall of Saigon and it was agony for us. There were guys that I knew there that would have gone back and made a combat jump on Hanoi. They'd been shot up real bad, but because they were so pissed off at all the mistakes and politics and tactics, because nobody went there and put a boot up somebody's ass where it belonged because they didn't have the guts to do it. These guys were ready to volunteer to go back and make the last grand stand. Disillusionment came with a lot of tears, as if to say, "We told you so." Not what did it get us, but at least now when somebody starts pissing and moaning and groaning about the outcome of the Vietnam War, I can say "Mother, I did my portion, I did my job and I don't want to hear your moaning and groaning no more." There's a lot of tears, there's a lot of people, the Vietnamese people that I knew that I don't know what happened to. Other veterans can talk about how great it was to walk into Berlin with the occupation forces or how they were greeted in Paris. Well, I can tell you how nice it was to be greeted in San Francisco, back home, and I think you know how I mean. It wasn't the same America. That's the sad part about it. But at least I can say "I told you so." If you want to change history, you can go back and do it, Jack. Like a lot of the other Vietnam vets I interviewed for my book, we'd still fight for America. You ask them, "Why?" and it's way back in their hearts and their minds that something says "I'm the best qualified to fight because I know how to fight." It could be the sense that finishing something up you weren't allowed to finish before and gaining our credibility by doing it again, putting our lives on the line again. There's some very complex feelings and motivations at work here. Maybe a lot of us believe that if we could show the American people that if we could do this next thing right, whatever it might be, and that we could have done the last thing right, we'll purge ourselves of this guilt that has been thrust upon us. The Vietnam vet has had the peculiar problem of bearing the burden of his valor and the guilt of his gallantry. That's a paradox in itself.

The art of combat:

I've had no formal art training whatsoever. Everything I do is on my own. It's always been asking myself the question, "How can I represent something that I see?" and then I go about experimenting. I started at a very early age, drawing in kindergarten. Instead of getting toys for Christmas, I got pencils and paper. And in high school, while I was playing football, I was already experimenting with oils and I had done an oil painting of the Holyoke Waterpower Company and the dam on the Connecticut River, and the newspaper thought it was very funny to have a right tackle, a big mother who could mangle your ear, an artist. But, in the service, the art was always the avenue of getting my mind off of things. It was a mode of relaxation and a method of expressing without a camera what was happening. In Southeast Asia, I used to sketch on the back of envelopes and send them back to my family so they'd know what kind of shit I was in and the postman would come up to my father and say, "I guess your son is really getting into some heavy stuff there." Finally, it was brought to the attention of President Johnson and he sent me a note asking if I'd like to be a combat artist. I said no, I had a very important job to do there at the time and I would much rather stay in the position I was at. As the years went by, I used my art for briefing in intelligence operations because I had a memory such that I could remember being in certain places, so when we were getting ready for an air mobile mission that needed accurate information on the terrain I could brief the pilot, saying, "This is what this area looks like as you're going in." Because I had been in the position to see the area on the ground, I

could draw what they could expect coming in. When I was getting out of the service, I compiled a portfolio of a series of combat sketches that were shown in Washington. I wanted to show in my art, give a statement about, what it was like in combat, not showing the Department of Defense type of art, but showing the art that has always motivated people that have been in very serious situations, to commemorate for those who have been in those situations the psychological feelings that don't come out in regular descriptive art.

I do my best work at 3 o'clock in the morning. I don't sleep well; I'm up every two hours. I survive with my nightmares. It's not easy for me to talk about this, but I think it has to be talked about so other Vietnam vets won't think that they're alone. A lot of the nightmares are the motivation for the art, all the personal recollections, and the prose comes to me at periods of loneliness, very intense loneliness. Every artist has these feelings or these periods as these are probably the most introspective and productive. I wanted to say something without being grandiose or remonstrative. I wanted to say something that had a pride in it, a subtle



The Single Equalizing Factor Among Men in Combat is *Fear.*

What are the memories of the best years of life? . . . . they're screams in the middle of a night in places like "the Delta," "U. Minh Forest," and "War Zone C," . . . they're hot and deadly jungles, rats, snakes, and bugs that suck your blood . . . they're faces of friends long since passed, . . . and they're times best forgotten.

pride and a sense of feeling to it that said what I felt. It's very hard.

Depression plays a lot in the art. When you sit on the lonely cold nights and you think that nobody understands you, that somehow, some way you're thinking about a bigger reason for living. Depression makes you think about things that you would not like to think about. Death is one of them. Some of these sketches here brought on memories of some very close friends who never made it back and then anger comes in and says, "If nobody remembers you, then I will and I will make you my small tribute. It's not commemorating the dead, it's commemorating the thought of what was once a living friend and what he meant to you. And you remember them in their most dramatic pose, and that one there (points to sketch) . . . it's when he died. The Department of Defense doesn't want to draw like this and the newspapers don't want to show this because it's a corpse and corpses don't die very nicely. They die very mangled, they die unartistically. If you can approach that subject and confront it, then you can confront the meaning of life, an understanding of life and the will to live. Then you feel that people must be more than bones, blood, and intestines strewn across the ground. You start to consider that people have soul, meaning, a higher motivation than what is just expressed by a body. That's the thing I try to portray, that there is a higher meaning.

The grunt:

The prominent theme in my sketches is not the general, not the officer, though I was one, but is the common grunt, the gravel agitator. He's the guy I respect most. He spent 12 to 13 months on the line and lived every day and night waiting to die. He didn't get any hot showers or any R and R, usually. He's the guy who lived through the ground attacks, the overruns, who had to hide his fear in himself and stand there and confront death

every goddamn minute of every day. Day in and day out for a whole fucking year. And some of them longer, without any break, without a woman to hug at night, without anything cold to drink. You ask a guy who's been on the line what he missed the most and you'll come up with the answers, "Ice cream, a cold soda, something cold to drink," or "American women," of course. The reason is because most of these guys were 18, 19 and the drinking age was still 21. They didn't miss booze; they hadn't tried it. That shows you where their minds were. It wasn't on any great expectations. And those guys spent their formative years, maturing years waiting to die every goddamn day. Sitting on the line, stomping through the swamp, tripping booby traps, getting their arms blown off, legs blown off, watching their buddies go all over hell, and then they come back and say, "Great, I'm back home." and society says, "You've got 24 hours to readjust, reassimilate, and hide your shit, and try to go back to work." He goes back to work and it's like nothing happened. "Oh hey, Jack, where you been for a year?" "Gee, you made it back." There's something wrong, something missing, and the key lies with the expression by the veteran himself.

The guy who cries the loudest for sympathy and pity is not the Vietnam vet. That's something you have to understand about the Vietnam vet, especially if it's a combat vet. I think you'll find this generalization substantiated by visiting a V.A. hospital and seeing who's getting treated for what. I know a guy who's got a brace on his leg that rubs his leg raw. It eats into his leg and he was waiting for a long time to get the brace fixed. He has bullet holes in his leg that will not close, they just keep opening up. They're so goddamn big. He doesn't complain. He's out ther walking around, stomping around. The guy who complains the loudest is probably the guy who has seen the least. A Vietnam vet doesn't complain. No one is going to listen to him in the first place, and that is what he feels. And then he thinks he's going to have to justify the pain with some fantastic war story when, in actuality, his war is very personal and it doesn't make for good party conversation on Beacon Hill. People get bored. People turn off. People hear the same old shit. But for you, though, the Vietnam combat veteran, it's not. It's refreshed with every thought. But until people want to sit down and listen to all the goddamn gore, about the boredom, the drudgery, the loneliness, the incessant heat, the bugs, the intestinal diarrhea, about pissing and shitting blood from intestinal parasites, about malaria and the recurrence of malaria, and about the fear and the inner fears of all of us who possibly could have been exposed to Agent Orange . . . whose life is almost over evidently, if what they say about it is true. What have I got to look forward to? You try to tell me that if you meet some woman you want to marry and if you say, "Hey, lookit, there's a possibility I may have Agent Orange," and it's going to fuck up your whole life and it may even screw over your kid, that it's not a problem? That's a big problem. There are a lot of fears that are still held back. And it makes it hard to readjust.

The smile of fear:

A group of us were sitting around the VFW club after a meeting. There were about six of us who'd seen an awful lot of combat. And after the meeting is when it gets real good because that's when we get rid of the guys who didn't see any combat and we're standing outside at 1 o'clock in the morning, real quiet, and we're talking about the mission over Plantation, the HoBo woods, War Zone C, Tet, Ashat, DMZ, APC's getting hit by mines, Honey M-60's, C-rats from 1947, jamming M-16's, and everybody's really tense. You can feel the tension in the air, the nerves are really tight, but we all got this smile on our face that is actually fear. We had this one guy who was explaining about how he was an old-timer, incountry about eight months, and he got transferred to this armored personnel carrier in a Mech unit with these guys who had been trained in the States and automatically, when they heard fire as Charlie opened up with RPG's, jumped off the APC's and assumed the attack position, but Charlie had the whole place mined. His rendition of what it was like to step on the mines was sarcastically humorous. We're all laughing and saying, "Oh shit, wow man," but what we were saying, in actuality, was that we were crying cause he was crying. People don't understand why we might have been laughing, but it's because we've all experienced that same fear. And it's not a funny smile, it's a very peculiar smile, it's a smile and a laugh that says, "Wow, I made it, man, and I still don't believe I'm here and I've got to hold on to reality because a flashback could spin me right back to that place where the mines are going off."

And all the jargon, the abbreviations, the RPG's, Mack J2, FMF, CIC, etc . . . They don't mean a thing, you're speaking a foreign language. If you're sitting down in a class and you have professors that are trying to dictate to you their impressions of the period that involved Vietnam policy-making and through your mind is going all these things from the war and they don't even know what the hell the abbreviations mean. They're giving you second-hand information. You want to hear first-hand information, ask that guy sitting in the last row in the third seat, cause he's got that 400 meter stare in his eyeballs and he ain't with you in class. He's twelve years back in time and there's a temperature difference and he's sweating in the night waiting for an ambush while you're talking about policy objectives in Vietnam. You can not talk about the war with detachment. It's just impossible. It hurts too much.

"I made it, man, and I still don't believe I'm here and I've got to hold on to reality because a flashback could spin me right back to that place where the mines are going off."

On the way back to Boston we visited a friend who served in the war. But this guy went as one of McNamara's 100,000, one of the people Skypeck characterizes as a "gravel agitator." He was not a hero, did not serve in Special Forces, he's not exactly DeNiro in "The Deer Hunter". After a few beers, we told him why we had come to Amherst and about Skypeck, and we asked for his impressions. Like your grandfather who fought in the trenches, or your father who froze in the Battle of the Bulge or at Chosin Reservoir, he said that he didn't want to talk about it, said, like the author of Skypeck's caption, "they are years best forgotten," and the conversation turned to other things. But some people, whether they're heroes or haunted, do want to talk about it, make us want to understand that, "You cannot talk about Vietnam without emotionalism. You can not talk about the war with detachment. It's just impossible. It hurts too much."

Affirmative Action in the 1980's

Can unity make it work?

By Rick Bowers

UMass/Boston's Director of Affirmative Action Robert Johnson was one of the keynote speakers at the American Association for Affirmative Action's (AAAA) annual meeting, held earlier this month at the Park Plaza hotel in downtown Boston. The meeting brought together about 150 Affirmative Action Officers from colleges, universities, and business firms across the East. The main focus of the day-long conference was on strategies for implementing equal educational and employment programs in the 1980's.

Johnson called the AAAA a "mechanism for change" and urged all those individuals involved in Affirmative Action to join the group so that it could become a "viable and respected organization in the 80's." He also said that affirmative action officers should take the offensive on litigation in order to bring faster and more equitable remedies for discrimination from the courts.

"We are a young association," Johnson told the conference, "and like all young associations we have to go through a period of growth. What we need is for all of us here and for all of the individuals that we represent and work with to become part of the organization."

Stephanie Romanos

UMB Affirmative Action Director Robert Johnson.

Other members of the AAAA also took a long hard look at their own organization and at their ability to bring about change. Many members called for strengthening the organization by bringing its various splinter groups under one umbrella and forming a national organization. According to Dr. Ellen Johnson, director of affirmative action at Northeastern University and one of the organizers of the conference, expanding the group into a national organization should be a primary goal for the association.

"One of the good things about being in Affirmative Action is that you get to see what goes on in these places. And what goes on is that blacks and women and the handicapped get shafted."

Robert Johnson

The UMB administrator also said that increased membership in the AAAA would enable the organization to influence legislation on the national level. "What this country responds to is pressure," said Johnson. "Through this organization we can develop a legislative unit, but the only way that will be effective is if the legislators believe that we are a power source."

"We can boast about individual organizations but on a national level it's still a muddy and grey area. There is no statement of priority and no way to lobby for our concerns as AA officers."

Uniting the association and clarifying its priorities are two of the major challenges the AAAA faces today. According to a number of those present at the conference, affirmative action has had a shaky and controversial history and only through a firm, national commitment to its principles can discrimination against minorities, women, the handicapped, and the elderly really be addressed.

The fundamental principle behind affirmative action is fairly simple but none the less controversial. Supporters of affirmative action believe that some preference in employment and educational opportunities should be given to members of minority groups that have been saddled with a long history of unfair treatment under the law. According to supporters, this preference is necessary to help offset inequalities that presently exist in the workplace and the university.

Opponents contend that this preference is unconstitutional because it discriminates against non-minorities.

One of the things that has made affirmative action so controversial is the concept of reverse discrimination. In 1976, the affirmative action movement was dealt a staggering blow when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that an affirmative action program at the University of California discriminated against a white male applicant to the school. The famous Bakke case, as it came to be known, did not, however, outlaw all af-

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UMass/Boston's commitment: A case in point

News Analysis

By Stephen G. Cain

UMass/Boston's commitment to affirmative action is once again coming into question, stemming from the recent firing of Marilyn Truesdell, a member of the UMass faculty since 1972 and the last remaining black faculty member in the English department. On August 15, she was notified that her reappointment as a full-time instructor for the period extending from the fall of 1980 to the spring of 1982 had been denied by Chancellor Robert Corrigan. Corrigan's denial was based on a recommendation from CAS Dean Michael Riccards that Truesdell was untenurable and should therefore be terminated.

The two-year contract would have brought Truesdell into her tenure year in the fall of 1980. The firing, essentially the denial of Truesdell's right to be reviewed for tenure through the normal tenure process, is being vigorously protested by the English department on procedural grounds. The department had recommended Truesdell's reappointment and has argued that a case should be made for the consideration of alternative credentials for her tenure decision. The department feels Truesdell should be allowed to build her case for tenure right up until the point of evaluation.

Dean Riccards' reasons for deeming Truesdell untenurable revolve around the fact that she does not have a M.A. or a Ph.D. and she did not return to graduate school to take a degree when she had the opportunity. However, Truesdell, instead of returning to graduate school during the period Riccards felt was most opportune, was teaching for two years in a graduate program at the Harvard Divinity School and was the recipient of an honorary Ford Foundation Grant to teach in the graduate school at Berkeley in California. In addition, Truesdell's scholarship has included invitations to present papers from the prestigious Modern Language Association and a commission from G.K. Hall Publishing to write a book entitled, "Women in the Black Church." This is a scholastic area only two other people in the country are presently working on. Truesdell claims

Octavio Ramirez

Marilyn Truesdell

that in the dean's six page statement on her case, none of these credentials were mentioned. Truesdell felt the dean's statement was indicative of his "adversarial approach which led to a misinterpretation and trivialization of my scholarship and the omission of various facts in my case." Truesdell has been teaching on the collegiate level since 1966 and, while here at UMass/Boston, has set up tutorial programs, taught in the English department, the Black Studies major, the Women's Studies Concentration, and the Law and Justice program. She is presently teaching Black Women Writers, the only advanced black literature course currently being offered at UMass/Boston.

Truesdell summed up the dean's action as "a gratuitously brutal slap at black students, their needs, and another example of the continuing lack of committment of the university to affirmative action." On September 25, she filed a

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AA at UMB

An Editorial View

By Steve Petrie

"Muddy and grey" areas abound in the field of affirmative action. The Bakke case and its successors have further confused an already ill-understood network of programs and bureaucratic jargon; the question of balancing quality employees and affirmative action guidelines has administrators and other concerned individuals bobbing and weaving away from charges and countercharges; and the difficulty of infusing affirmative action principles into the cumbersome university system of committee decision-making tends naturally to breed distrust of those ultimately responsible for hiring and firing.

And UMass/Boston is a special case. The problems facing minority students at this campus can be conveniently summarized as composed of three types. Many minority students are academically handicapped, primarily by the Boston public schools. Perhaps not untypical of urban school systems, the Boston schools seem to have an impressive inability to train their charges in the basic skills and with the added blow of Boston's failure to deal with its rascism, UMass/Boston is left with standards too high for candidates from disadvantaged backgrounds to meet. Many minority students are also economically handicapped, of course. And most important perhaps, black and Hispanic students at the harbor campus are socially handicapped: the harbor campus is practically an isolated fortress, located in one of the whitest areas of the city. There are few, if any places close to the university where black and white students can, say, go for a beer together. This isolation is something everyone complains of, but it is particularly hard on minority students and must at least in part be held responsible for the high at-

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"In the past two years, four out of five black faculty members up for tenure have been rejected at the dean's level."

CAMPUS CONTROVERSY

Stephanie Romanos

Chris Alberto
CAS student

No

"The College of Professional Studies is growing at UMB while the College of Arts and Sciences declines. Last year, for example, nine faculty lines were shifted from CAS to CPS. Is this kind of growth in professional studies justified?

Stephanie Romanos

Pat Kellog
CPS student

Yes

The College of Professional Studies (CPS) is growing at the expense of the College of Arts and Sciences (CAS) here at UMass/Boston. Over the summer, 9 full-time faculty positions were eliminated from CAS and transferred to CPS. This semester CAS has lost a total of 90 courses. The Rough Draft of the Senate Executive Committee Report of June 14 cautioned that further cuts would be disastrous to CAS. It has been argued that a declining demand for courses at CAS and an increasing demand for classes at CPS justify the cutbacks at CAS. A few fallacies need to be cleared up.

There has been a decline in the number of students enrolled in the liberal arts at UMB. However, the attrition rate is not an isolated event. The elimination of courses in CAS has resulted in a vicious circle. As less courses are offered, students look elsewhere for an education. This decline in enrollment in turn justifies further cut-backs in classes. The Senate Executive Committee Report stated that one of the main reasons for attrition at UMB is the limited selection of upper level courses.

However, not all departments in CAS have suffered a decline in enrollment. The psychology department has the largest number of declared student majors at the university, but fell victim to the largest number of faculty lay-offs. The loss of 12 full-time faculty positions occurred though there was no decline in the steady student interest shown in the major. The department has had the same enrollment in classes for the past 5 years. Professor Mixon, former head of the department, commented that, "The only way these cuts will end is to stop the practice of allowing CPS to grow at the expense of CAS."

The future of a Liberal Arts education is threatened here at UMB. The importance of an education in the arts and sciences lies in the ability of students to question and critically study the society in which we live. We need to understand the historical forces which mold the context of our lives. The aim of providing students with a well-rounded education in preparation for the world at large is being altered by a growing insistence that schools cater to the needs of business. William Fenstermacher, director of Institution Planning at UMB, ad-

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Under the present conditions, such growth in CPS is justified. With the recent budget cuts that have affected the whole university, efficient allocation of faculty has become critical to the survival of all three colleges within UMass/Boston. The nine faculty lines (a line is equivalent to a full-time faculty position) transferred from CAS to CPS were not owned by CAS. They had merely been on loan to that college when it showed the greatest need for them. Because of a shift in the greatest need, those lines are now on loan to CPS. CAS is obviously being hurt by the cuts, but CPS would have been hurt more by not having the additional lines.

CPS is the newest college at the university and it has yet to reach its full size. A new concentration in communications has just been added, and the engineering as well as health services programs are rapidly expanding. These newer programs are expected to attract many Boston area students but will not have the chance to do so if the programs are stifled in their infancy. If CPS is allowed to establish such quality programs the UMB public image well may improve. And, if CPS is allowed to maintain these high-demand programs the whole university, even CAS, should benefit from the influx of students.

Ironically, the one direct way increased growth in CPS would help CAS is also due to the effects of the budget crunch. CPS has had to give up the idea of being a self-contained college, as CAS and CPCS presently are. That is, budget stringencies require CPS to use CAS faculty to teach most if its general education courses. It would have been more advantageous for CPS to cultivate its own contingent of teachers to fit its programs' distinctive needs, than to borrow or share teachers from another college. About half of CPS's program is general education, much of which is being taught by CAS faculty. Therefore, little more than half the CPS program is being taught by CPS faculty. No wonder there were no cuts in this already small college.

But there is a more fundamental reason why such growth in CPS is justified. The recent outcry over the transfer of faculty lines reflects a serious misunderstanding of what UMB is — or

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Jean-Claude Ferdinand

Casting Stones

By Stephen G. Cain

Phillip Minor sucked the smoke deep and watched the grey waves curl towards him and break on the shore. He ran his fingers through his flowing hair and tugged at the wiry beard jutting from his chin as he exhaled the smoke into the morning air. He was composing a letter to a musician friend a few hundred miles to the north in New Hampshire. It was to be part of an ongoing artistic discussion the two had kept up since graduation. At times, he had felt they communicated in other ways—during the early hours of the morning Phillip would lie in bed, his mind racing through the circumstances of his life and eventually coming to his memories of Pete. The law of probability assured him that Pete was doing the same thing, staring into the darkness and contemplating the past, present, and future back in New Hampshire. Phillip would concentrate his mental flow and try to direct it towards the distant kindred spirit. He was convinced that half the time he was getting through — the physical gap had been bridged and the telepathic communication had gone beyond some mundane verbal intercourse. But, today he would continue the literate, aesthetic correspondence that he was certain would be published after his death.

He drew another deep toke and watched his mother, Joan, walk down the beach, her eyes combing the worn rocks. When she saw what she liked, the rock with an interesting shape, "personality" she called it, she picked it out of the sand, examined its character, and placed it in the canvas satchel swinging from her shoulder. She had completed her usual stone-gathering route and was heading back to the beach-house, half-heartedly eyeing the rocks that flowed past her vision in case a particularly appropriate one appeared. She looked up as she neared her house and Phillip knew what she was thinking: "What a bastard of a son. Squanders four years of expensive schooling, makes a half-assed attempt with some of his college buddies at surviving in New York, and returns to my home, to sit with his feet up on my porch, smoking a joint at ten in the morning." He saw her shake her head as she walked up the steps from the beach.

After shooting a look of premeditated murder at him, she crossed the porch and went into the house. "And what holy hair is across her ass today?" He was tempted to ask, but that deadly look dictated discretion. He got up from the chaise lounge, went to the studio windows adjacent to the porch, and watched Joan at her drawing table, her hands moving quickly over the new rocks, like bees searching for nectar, intent on their purpose and delicate in their nature. She found the right one and her pen rapidly set down small filigreed lines on the rock's surface, framing in the hair and featureless face of Beethoven. Before

filling the outline defined by the mane of hair and the strong-cut jaw with the eyes, nose, and mouth, she stopped, looked up from her table, and stared at the rows of granite Einsteins, Shakespeares, and Kennedys awaiting shipment to gift shops throughout Long Island. Phillip turned away and bounded down the stairs to the beach to feel the hard, wet sand against the bottom of his running feet.

"It's so quiet here," he thought as he lay in the sand and watched two gulls gulping clam fragments as a third circled warily overhead. "No Daily News trucks to rumble and grind past my window. No fried-out people cranking the Dead at three in the morning." He had almost become an insomniac in the city. The first month had been all right; the constant party atmosphere resulted in numerous evenings of drugged sleep. But when he tried to work and slip out of the social stream that swirled through the apartment, he could not rest. Eventually he took to painting in the streets and falling asleep at night to the drone of his television. The artistic vision that he wished would drive him seemed to be slipping away and his painting was rapidly degenerating. He sold his first work shortly thereafter.

He was painting in one of his usual spots, near the World Trade Center, and had a few of his completed urban landscapes on display around his easel. Suddenly a limousine pulled up nearby and an immaculately dressed man got out and inquired about one of the paintings. It was a representation of the two towers of the Trade Center. The buildings looked like twin Saturn 5's poised to rush from the earth, and were colored a shimmering silver. The background was a lurid red, the inferno boiling up the sides of the metallic spires. They settled on one hundred dollars. As the man walked away, canvas in hand, he turned to Phillip and asked if the painting had a title. Phillip looked at the man, the car, the buildings and replied, "Vanity." "Very appropriate, very good," said the man and left. Phillip watched the limousine glide into the Trade Center's underground garage and imagined the painting hung on a sterile office wall on the 83rd floor. A few days later he showed up at his mother's house, pleading temporary insanity due to urban blight.

He knew his mother thought his refugee status was just a line; New York had been such a fruitful place when she was young and painting. He had heard the story so many times it was a litany he could recite without thinking. For her, New York had truly been a bohemian rhapsody; the days filled with serious work and concentrated effort, the nights with mild debauchery and friends whose words made the streets light up with their understanding perceptions. She had been so alive then (she would pause wistfully here), the vibrant rhythms of the city pushing her on to some consummation of her artistic need. Somewhere in the midst of this glorious struggle she had met his father. Within a month, they married and she had worked in an art supply store to supplement the meager income his first agency job had brought in. She had pursued her art with lessened intensity over the years, but had developed a marketable commodity — the rocks, on which she sketched delicate pen and ink portraits of famous and timely people. Her income grew steadily and, when her husband died, she became fiercely self-sufficient. And, (she never failed to remind him of this), she, by herself, had raised and put through college two daughters, who were now married and had technical careers of their own, and one indigent son. She was, (she assured him), a success.

He had not gotten much done since his return a month ago, "just a little R and R," he kept telling his mother. "But maybe today," he said to the gulls, "I can feel the ideas welling up from my artistic soul and they are crying for attention." He raced the threatening breakers back to the beach-house.

Phillip sat in front of the canvas, brush in hand. The anxious feeling of futility had crept up the back of his neck and set up shop in his brain. He stared at the few stark lines on the white expanse and could not escape the lack of heart, lack of divine inspiration or artistic soul, lack of whatever unknown component is essential for transforming crap into cream that shuddered off of the tightly stretched fabric. There was nothing there, he knew, a little technical expertise perhaps, but no living meat between the structure that had been rendered countless times before. "Aw, fuck it," he said and plunged the brush into a jar of turpentine. He moped around his room a bit and then continued the letter he had begun writing to Peter.

"It is within the striving and the struggle for the elusive but permanent beauty of Art that one's efforts rise above the common values of our families and peers, i.e. the bourgeois, the successful middle-class, the money makers. We have yet to raise the family, pay the mortgage, and sell our souls to the materialistic society and we must not fall prey to the happy simplicity found in the mindless existence of the masses. Happiness is a worthy goal and, depending on the individual, easy to achieve. But for us a different path is mandatory.

DAMNED

Was it necessary for you to return from the
dark into the light?
The raging storm that once was had tapered off to
just a gentle breeze.
The long and restless nights no longer took the
place of a peaceful nights slumber.

There was no awakening from a dream and reaching
out for something real
Loneliness was but a thing of the past and there
was no longer any constant need for you,
a new awareness had come into being in the form
of truly being alive.

There was no longer any difficulty in giving
of myself fully or just in parts, the sublime had
reached a point where it was quite blissful and
I no longer felt as though there was no such thing
as having peace of mind.

Was it necessary for you to return from the dark
into the light and take away the gentle breeze?
Peaceful slumber and peace of mind; then
awake me to the point where once again I feel
that reality is damned?

Jim Canada

I have always felt different, separate from the herd, even in moments of closeness with family or friends, and especially with groups of people. At these gatherings a detached serenity is my physical presentation, and occasionally a conscious effort at socializing will produce a conversation, but beneath the surface my mind is constantly negating, equating, observing, and analyzing.

This continual process can be nulled or slowed by intoxication, but it still remains. This sensitivity or perception may be a gift or a curse, but it exists for me as well as you. We are to venture forth in pursuit of the Grail that brims with that elusive beauty, Art. And though it maybe a solitary and self-destructive persecution, the quest must continue and we must avoid the snares along the way. My mother epitomizes one social trap — the use of art or artistic skill to become a member of the bourgeois. She sits in her studio churning out her decorated rocks like a machine. God, it's immoral. She has become a dilettante and she denies Art in its true nature. It is part-time Art and lacks integrity and quality, though to the part-time artist it may be a sincere expression. This is why I had to leave the city. All my work seemed like garbage and I was fooling myself, or attempting to anyway, into believing that my creative efforts were valid without the work, the suffering, the piece of myself that makes something worthwhile. Kroger was right — "He who lives does not work, one must die to life in order to be utterly a creator." And so I have left the madness of New York for the isolation of my mother's home, though her presence and her work is a distraction. But I know I possess, I must possess, the capability of sacrificing and devoting myself to Art. I am not going to become another hapless artist consumed by the social monetary machine and spit out as an empty husk, a broken man, perhaps to melt into the ordinary ranks, but lacking any of the dignity which the most common, dumb workaday stiff would still possess. No, for me the struggle continues and the easel awaits . . ."

Phillip turned to the semi-blank canvas and decided to give it a fresh start after dinner. He was starved.

Joan lighted a cigarette and tried to ignore the loud chewing of her son finishing dessert. "Jesus, what an animal you've become," she said. "Where did those years of manners go?" Phillip glared and continued eating. "She certainly has an air of smug satisfaction tonight," he thought.

"So Phillip, and what did you accomplish today? More than yesterday I hope." "More than you'll ever do in your quarry, mining the mother lode." he returned to his dessert.

"And what is that supposed to mean?"

"Well, Mother how many Shakespeares did the machine turn out today? Have you maintained your production quota?"

"No, as a matter of fact today the machine turned out a little art."

"Oh Jesus, Art. What you know about Art could be spelled out in dollar signs. If you can remember back to those glorious days in New York, Mother, when you supposedly dabbled in the creative realm, you will recall that paperweights and knick-knacks do not come under that heading. Art involves a far more ardent pursuit of beauty than you can possibly imagine in your part-time world."

"Listen, buster, those damned rocks put the clothes on your back and the food on this table. If you can belittle that so easily, why don't you belittle the roof over your head and the live-in maid? I didn't ask you to come back here and I don't relish the idea of becoming your patron, especially when you haven't done a damn thing except wander around the beach in a stoned fog for a month."

She paused, while he stared, stunned, at the dirty dishes on the table.

"And you don't even know what I did today, but you go right ahead and spill out your pseudo-academic garbage about beauty, because that's all you're capable of, and you know it and I know it. I've seen your crap."

She rose from the table and put the softening margarine in the refrigerator. "I'm sick and tired of your petty condescension, your attitude of benign superiority, your lack of motivation, when all you really are is goddamn lazy."

"I don't have to listen to this."

"Then don't, for Christ's sake, get out."

She turned to the counter, stabbed out her cigarette in an ashtray, and, after one short penetrating glance, left the room.

Phillip watched her walk down the hall, peer into her studio for a long moment, and then go out to the porch. He went from the table to his room and slammed the door. The empty canvas confronted him and he turned and fell on his bed, a huge sob of tangled pain bursting from his soul as the tears flowed quickly into his pillow. He lay there until the moist release had calmed him enough to think. He got up, washed his face, and decided. "To Hell with it. Tomorrow, I am out of here." He went out on the porch, but could not see his mother on the beach in the darkness. As he walked down the hall, he stopped outside the studio. "Something went on in here today," he thought and he stepped inside, snapping on the light over her drawing table. There, on a shelf next to the table, were fifteen studies of Phillip's face in various expressions. He knew it was the best work she had done in some time; the ornate and fragile lines brought an individual life and awareness to each portrait, and the decidely mechanistic style she had lapsed into had been transcended. There was a newness, an original feeling, and a soft push against the limits of her artistic experience. His perception of this quality, and the fifteen all too human visages returning his stare moved him slowly back out of the studio and into the hall. He went to his room and reread the letter he had written to Pete. The aphorisms didn't quite work anymore, though he felt much of the letter was the truth. "It is a paradox that demands first-hand discussion," he resolved as he slipped into a heavy sleep, the letter falling lightly to the floor next to his bed.

He woke at dawn, incredibly refreshed. he dressed, grabbed his backpack from the closet and stuffed it with his clothes, a sketchbook, and the letter. He looked at the canvas and shook his head. A faint smile crossed his lips and he left the room with the pack. He went into his mother's studio to leave a goodbye note on the drawing table. Through the window overlooking the beach he saw his mother, satchel hung from shoulder, casting stones into the glowing ocean.

"Hey Ma, what are you doing?"

Startled, she turned and said, "Good morning. Going somewhere?"

"Yeah, I figured I'd deliver a letter to a friend of mine in New Hampshire. I'm not getting a damn thing done around here, anyway. What are you throwing away there?"

"It's a series that didn't quite work out. The machine couldn't handle it. I kept one for myself though, and here's the last one for you."

She tucked the stone into his backpack and quickly kissed him on the cheek.

"Can you stay for breakfast?"

"No, not if I want to get up there before nightfall. Thanks anyway."

"Well, I think I'll take a walk then. It's so nice out here this time of day. Take care of yourself, Phil."

"Yeah, right, bye-bye Ma. I'll be seeing you."

She walked down the beach letting the cool wavelets wash over her feet, while he climbed the stairs and headed out to the highway, the stone light in his pack.

VICTIM'S VISION

By Donna J. Handy

I.

Five-thirty. God, I hate going to work so early in the morning. It's still dark out. I hate this place where I work; I hate the people. It just isn't worth it to get up this early, come out into this freezing cold, walk the quarter mile to the bus stop and wait there with all those ugly people for the 5:50 bus. I should quit. Yea, yea sure, that's what I always say. Oh no, a man is coming this way. I hate meeting people on this walk to the bus stop. There usually isn't anyone around, unless they're going to the bus stop, but he's coming toward me. My God, he's pulling a gun out of his pocket and he's aiming it at my face!! Just keep walking, just keep walking. He fires! My face is ripped open, the skin pulled back like a mask peeled off, bone cracking as it splinters and mixes with the blood and skin. My heart pounding so hard in my chest I think it's going to burst out. My eyes shut tight, we pass each other. I can feel the blood running from my nose, which is hanging on the side of my face. No pain. I reach into my pocket, take out a kleenex and blow my nose.

II.

I reach the bus stop just as the bus is pulling up. The same three people that are there everyday are making their way onto the bus. I get on last, pay my 35 cents and make my way to the back. It's crowded as hell, but I keep pushing to the end. Big mistake. I have to stand right next to a guy who looks like a killer. Shit, he's scary-looking. He's about 5'11", dirty-looking with filthy jeans and greasy hair. He has one hand in his imitation leather jacket pocket and the other one he's using to hold on with is stained yellow from cigarettes and is all black under the fingernails, like he took a magic marker and ran it under them. He smells like shit, too. Almost to the station and the smelly guy beside me starts to make his way to the front of the bus. As he passes behind me I hear a click and his hand jabs me in the back leaving a knife in it. I can feel the warm blood running down my legs, leaving a pool of blood on the floor under my feet, soaking my shoes. I can't breathe. No pain. At the end of the bus line everyone starts pushing to the front of the bus.

III.

Another reason why I hate going to work so much. The train. It's so crowded. Worse than the bus. But first we have to walk down the stairs and through a long, gloomy tunnel that reeks of urine. I try to hold my breath the whole way but it's just too far. I want to vomit. I slow down and start bending over when the whole ceiling of the tunnel caves in on me. No one else is around. I'm all alone. The hard, heavy jagged hunks of concrete dig into my body, leaving holes for the blood to pour out. I feel myself being flattened by the weight. I can't breathe. Everything being pushed out of me, I'm being consumed by death. No pain. I make my way to the end of the tunnel to wait for the train.

IV.

After waiting about five minutes, standing as far away from the repulsive crowd of zombies as I can get, the train comes. I get on but not before the door shuts on my leg. The hard metal under the rubber edges cuts into my leg on both sides, slicing it through the flesh, the muscle, right down to the bone. My body is being drained of all my blood. It rushes down to my leg, pouring out onto the dirt-stained linoleum floor of the train. My leg is pulsating. No pain.

V.

Ten minutes later the train has reached my stop. I get out first and rush up the stairs out into the cold. I run the one block, past the dumpsters overflowing with the sickening, putrid smell of garbage, to work. As I trudge up the stairs to the forbidding door, I feel pain.

Bright Lights/Fuck City/Whales

Dancing on the mute crystal
Sands of Argentina
As the nuclear wind swirls
In decomposing caress.
The seals are there too.
Huddled along the indifferent coast
While the killer whales circle and circle
Frantic for the preferred flesh.
Sometimes a daring young fool
Taunts the predators with immersion —
Suddenly the flesh is gone. No evidence. No charge.
No irony of an over zealous lunge
Stranding a killer on the beach.
Where the fuck are the magicians when you need them?

Once, while evolving in a plasma like atmosphere
Coating the Common,
By the time I had returned from getting an icecream,
Some earlier acquaintances had been booked for loitering
& Possession;
I was disturbed with the thought that they
Were from out of town
And being absurdly stressed.
No wonder that foreigners are attracted
to barbwire & dynamite.
(night school and early orderly radicalization
leaves the always incipient public building
transfixed in the rushing of the killing floor)

Gary Evans

I am thinking of you
for no particular reason
except that warm ivory walls
make poor company
and the radio is full of static.
Maybe it's on to something.
Several channels are overlapping
in my crystal set
because the weather has been lousy
and I wonder if you are
intermittent sun.
I am familiar with false reports, however.
Therefore: please note the frequency
of this all night station.

Roby Colodny

downtown they're holding hands to cross the streets
while this wind plucks glass from the windows.
struggling to restrain a retarded child, woman's fraction
of a smile as I pass. Thin waves across the sheets of
ice, chunks resting on each other like puppies
in the steamy rain. Worms seek the warm
black pavement in droves. Many yet alive stretched
drying in the lethargic cold, one end ground into the tar
at the heel of children applying eager to the deep-throated
machine. (inpending carnage that leaves blank faces intact,
thought control drops 'em cleaner cause they still walk
and mate and consume like free will) Car radio. stop light.
the guy behind me is carefully mouthing the song into my
mirror; wiper rhythms in a city of tireless breath and
decadence, soaked concrete open in the chill of quick
darkness. (I'm wrapped. I'm reckless in my console)

John Zieman

GAY PEOPLE'S GROUP
GAY EDUCATION WEEK
OCT. 29 - NOV. 3
WATCH for TIME and DATE POSTERS
CALL ext.2169 or DROP BY rm:010-4-178
Lectures·Workshops·
Films·UMB Library tour
HALLOWEEN BASH at the Pub!
Bicycle outing · Gay Swim night...
Your chance to meet some of the
other 800 gay people on campus.

Cont. from pg 5

tegrity. If a woman refuses, they say she's temperamental.)

Besides violating the stereotypical role of women working supportively behind men, neither seen nor heard, Jane also violated her role as a celebrity. Part of the myth of Hollywood is that a celebrity functions almost as a non-person — a part of the cocktail party/People magazine set whose chief role is to fill the public's need for a glamourous diversion from everyday life. If a celebrity becomes too much a part of that ordinary life, the glitter and enchantment disappear and all that is left is a human being, nothing more, nothing less. Jane's activism and outspokeness were in direct contrast to

Stephanie Ramanos

Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda at a press conference during their CED-sponsored visit to Boston.

the Hollywood myth-making mentality.

The delicate balance between what is myth or hype and what is the true self has always been problematic for celebrities, but becomes especially complex for the female celebrity. Conditioned from girlhood to rely on certain images and behavior for survival in the male-dominated world, the female celebrity discovers that, in Hollywood, it is precisely those images that are exploited and marketed.

So, if she becomes popular or successful, the female star is uncertain whether the public is buying her hype, or herself, perhaps because now the distinction isn't clear even to her. But she has to go on perpetuating the hype because she is totally dependent upon it for survival. The additional pressure of the media, drawn to public image and hype like flies to garbage, further traps the female star into an identity no longer her own.

Men, too, have fallen victim to the hype-and-glory syndrome, but this can be attributed more to casualties of the trade, rather than an imbalance of power within the system. Men nave not been socialized as "others" and therefore do not have to depend on images or roles for survival in a male-controlled system. Since, as men, they share some of the power, they can retain control over their image and hype, and have more freedom to use it to fit their needs at different times.

So for the female star, the question of who she really is becomes an ambiguous one. Audiences have traditionally found this glamorous. Who the stars become once the curtain fell and the diamonds, make-up, and costumes were removed made her even more mysterious, and added to her appeal.

But the flip side of that has become the traditional tragedy of the female star — and there is an element of this that audiences also find glamorous — that when the hype and image disappeared all that was underneath was a lonely, neurotic, pill-popping, boozing woman lost in an identity that was created by the system that destroyed her.

Jane Fonda came to Hollywood in the late 1950's, when the Hollywood myth-making machinery expected women to conform to certain standards of beauty and behavior. "I remember coming to Hollywood for my first screen test," she recalls, "and being told that I had to wear falsies, being told that I should have my jaw broken and these teeth removed so that my cheeks would sink in. You know, high cheekbones. And how I went along with it for fifteen years. You can't help but feel, well, if this is what people like but it's not really me, then they can't really like me when the falsies are off and the hair is off and the eyelashes are off. It's a feeling of terrible alienation from yourself."

(Fonda once remarked that one actress she'd really like to meet and work with is Sally Field. Fonda felt an identification with Field because both had been saddled, early in their careers, with Hollywood-imposed images that neither actress felt comfortable with. Both of them spent many years struggling to overcome their image and to assert themselves as versatile actresses and individual women.)

The Jane Fonda who immersed herself in political activity during the early 1970's was a woman immersed in personal change, undergoing a process that had its turning point in 1969 when she made *They Shoot Horses, Don't They*, the first substantial film of her career. This reaffirmation of herself as an actress led to a reevaluation of her private life, and by 1970 Jane had abandoned her "other life", as she now refers to her years in Paris with Roger Vadim and her Barbarella period. Like so many others during this time, Jane began to make the connection between personal and political change. She realized that her crisis of identity and dissatisfaction with her life was not a personal failing, but part of the larger picture of society's faults and failings.

Within the context of her involvement with the anti-war movement and the emerging feminist movement, Fonda now had a new perspective of the role Hollywood had played in shaping the culture she now rebelled against. She also understood the role that she, as an actress, had played in helping to shape that culture. So although Fonda was shunned by many of the film studios during the heyday of her activism, a large part of her absence from commercial films during that time was voluntary. In 1972, she told *Rolling Stone*, "Movies lie about women, they lie about Third World people. They make women look silly or Black people look silly . . . or they just lie about American life. I don't want to make movies that lie anymore."

But Hollywood, notoriously light years behind the times when it comes to reflecting new attitudes or changed perspectives, had not caught up with Jane and the small number of scripts she was receiving were unsatisfactory. So Fonda embarked on a four year, semi-self imposed exile from Hollywood and began to explore alternative movie making. It was this period of exploration and experimentation, which included a documentary made with Tom Hayden and cinematographer Haskell Wexler about the Vietnamese people *(Introduction To the Enemy)*, a leftist film with French director Jean-Luc Godard (*Tout Va Bien*), and Ibsen's classic feminist play *A Doll's House*, which laid the foundation for the eventual fusion of her politics and her craft.

Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden were in Boston last month as part of a 50 city, 35-day national tour sponsored by the Campaign for Economic Democracy (CED), the California-based organization of which Hayden is chairman and Fonda chief fundraiser. The tour, which covered presidential primary states from Michigan to New Hampshire, addressed the issues CED wants to see raised in the presidental election, mainly issues relating to energy and the economy. Along the way, Fonda and Hayden linked up with other grass-roots organizations, such as 9 to 5, Boston's organization of women office workers. One of the highlights of the Boston visit was Jane's talk, at a 9 to 5-sponsored working women's lunch, on the economic rights of working women.

The Jane Fonda who spoke at the working women's lunch, held at the Sack 57 theatre, was more relaxed and confident than the one I saw at that anti-war rally six years ago. Her acceptance of who she is and the comfortability she now feels with her celebrity status can certainly be attributed, in part, to her marriage to Tom Hayden in 1973. Hayden, a political ally as well as a source of strength and support, must have been of invaluable help to Jane in those particularly trying anti-war years. But probably even more crucial to her self-confidence has been the way she has finally combined her talent and her politics to create the kind of film she feels most comfortable with: polished, entertaining, and thoughtful, with a message that doesn't hit the viewer over the head but, instead, rides in on emotion.

Stephanie Romanos

"I consider myself a patriot," Jane Fonda told her audience at the working women's lunch. "I'm proud to be picketed by the Nazi's, the KKK and the YAF."

"When I first became aware of the situation of women office workers," Jane told the full house at the 57, "I asked myself, what can I do as an artist to bring this situation to people's attention? So I decided to make a film." Thus, *9 to 5*, named after the Boston organization, was born. Jane's description of her latest project as "a comedy about secretaries who fantasize about murdering their boss" drew laughter and cheers from her almost entirely female audience. In *9 to 5*, Jane Fonda plays a woman forced to return to work out of economic necessity after being married and out of the labor force for many years. In order to gain insight into the character she will play for this film, Fonda had a private meeting with several 9 to 5 members who had also gone back to work after lengthy absences. Fonda also revealed plans to do Harriette Arnow's *The Dollmaker* for television, and not for theatre as someone had suggested. "I'm not interested in doing theatre," she said bluntly. "It doesn't reach enough people. It's too expensive."

"Some people say I'm a hypocrite for advocating worker's rights while I make as much money as I do. But if the studios are foolish enough to pay me ridiculous amounts for what I do, I'm not going to refuse it and make them richer."

If *9 to 5* follows the formula of Jane's other pet projects, *Coming Home* and *The China Syndrome*, it may do for women office workers what *China Syndrome* did for anti-nuke fever. By weaving strong statements into finely crafted plots, Fonda's films reach the masses of working people she wanted to reach when she accepted her Oscar in 1972: people who might not ordinarily get to see a documentary on women workers or who might turn off to a didactic film about Vietnam or nuclear power. Now that she is contributing political ideas in the way she knows best, Jane Fonda feels secure in her status as both an activist and a celebrity.

Fonda had done her homework for her lecture at the women's lunch. To the groans of the women in the audience, she cited the profits 20th Century Fox, her studio, had made in 1978, and the corporations they bought with those profits. She contrasted these figures with what Fox paid their women office workers who, she added, were always the first to arrive to the studio in the morning and the last to leave at night.

Fonda also met controversy about her own earnings head on. "Some people say I'm a hypocrite for advocating worker's rights while I make as much money as I do," she said. "But if the studios are foolish enough to pay me ridiculous amounts for what I do, I'm not going to refuse it and make them richer. So I use my salary for the causes I believe in."

But even with her ever-increasing popularity and the growing confidence she has in herself, being Jane Fonda still isn't easy. All along the CED tour, threats of boycotts and protests came from various groups, most notably from veterans at UMass/Amherst. Fonda retaliated against the vet's threats by saying, "They're just upset because they lost their war." When a man at the working women's lunch asked her how she responded to charges that she is a subversive, Jane replied, "I consider myself a patriot . . . I'm proud to be picketed by groups like the Nazis, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Young Americans for Freedom." This past summer, the California Legislature rejected by a 28 to 6 vote, on the grounds that she is a traitor, Governor Jerry Brown's appointment of the two-time Oscar winner to serve on the California Arts Council.

In May of 1972, *Modern Screen* magazine ran a cover photo of Jane Fonda, dressed in black and beaming, clutching the Oscar she'd won the month before. The headline read, "Now that Jane Fonda's won her establishment Oscar, is this the last we'll see of her protest?" There were probably many people who thought, at that time, that Fonda's protest was merely a childish rebelliousness, and that once she was duly rewarded, she would stop making such a fuss and get back to being a movie star. But what they didn't realize is that Jane Fonda's protest began long before Vietnam. It may have begun as far back as when she was told to wear falsies at her first screen test, had simply lain dormant for fifteen years until the social upheavals brought on by war and

disillusionment gave her the anger and the strength to speak out.

Jane Fonda's activism is more than a political committment. It is an inextricable part of ther identity, the backbone of her life. Since 1972, Fonda has won another "establishment Oscar" and is probably on her way to winning more. But I don't think the movie magazines will be hinting that winning awards is ever going to stop Jane Fonda from making such a fuss.

Fonda Filmography

Tall Story, 1960
Walk on the Wild Side, 1962
The Chapman Report, 1962
Period of Adjustment, 1962
In the Cool of the Day, 1963
Sunday in New York, 1964
Joy House, 1964
Circle of Love, 1965
Cat Ballou, 1965
The Chase, 1966
Any Wednesday, 1966
The Game is Over, 1966
Hurry Sundown, 1967
Barefoot in the Park, 1967
Barbarella, 1968
Spirits of the Dead, 1969
They Shoot Horses, Don't They, 1969
(Oscar nomination)
Klute, 1971
(Oscar winner)
Steelyard Blues, 1972
F.T.A. (Free the Army), 1972
Tout Va Bien, 1973
A Doll's House (television), 1973
Introduction to the Enemy, 1975
Fun With Dick and Jane, 1976
Julia, 1977
(Oscar nomination)
Coming Home, 1978
(Oscar winner)
California Suite, 1978
Comes A Horseman, 1978
The China Syndrome, 1979
The Electric Horseman
(not yet released)
9 to 5 (in progress)
The Dollmaker
(television, in progress)

A LOGICAL EXPLANATION OF THE UNIVERSE, WRITTEN BY A SPOILED BRAT OF THE SUBURBS NAMED MEGAN WHO, AT FIFTEEN, OWNED HER OWN HORSEY AND A BLUE BLAZER TAILORED FOR A FLATTERING FIT

Know then, that:

The best of all possible worlds is art — true
This is the best of all possible worlds — false
begets: This is art — valid

At first, there existed the Primordial Proposition, out of which individual propositions arose. Some were False; others, True. Such oppositions gave rise to a general chaos — bad. To quell the chaos, humankind invented Logic. And Logic begot Validity.

A war ensued: the chaos of False and True against the order of Validity. Validity debilitated the False and True propositions with Dichotomies, hectored them with Hobson's Choices, disarmed them through Definition.

After the war, each True proposition had to wed a False one. Then, Validity forced them to perform Syllogism and beget little validities. Thus:

Logic is universal — false
Humankind invented Logic — true
begets: Humankind invented the universe — valid

Such is the story of the invention of the universe.

Jon Benedict

WAITING

This boa constrictor won't
let go of my throat . . . .
Its lightning tongue
slips into the tantalizing
lumps of pain in the corners
of my mouth, etching them
in silver snake spittle.

But I won't be seduced — I lie,
even by the soundless strangle
or the whisper flicking of the
demon tail under my breast.
The black eye winks through
a transluscent lid. Once you see,
you never stop looking.

The pictures
on the pages of
the borrowed book
have nothing to do
with the waiting
for the snake
to make his move. The sign
on the boy
says "KEEP AWAY"
I don't sleep soundly
these days. The scales of the snake shed
into my bed like slivers of glass.

Janet Diamond

Cont. from pg 9

the fragile lady so clear in his mind. But there was one thing that had never been done, something under his skin that now, the circle almost full, pushed out and demanded attention. There was no tombstone on her grave.

Four years before, when he had visited the cemetery outside San Francisco for the first time, he had knelt before a plastic eight by eleven card, with her name, date of birth, date of death, age, daughter of —, wife of —, typed matter-of-factly on it. She had been reduced to a form, and it angered him that this was all the family had provided. Even though a granite slab would not bring her back, he knew then it was necessary.

2

It could wait no longer. He called his father on the phone, long-distance collect. "Listen," he began after the salutory greetings, "February will be ten years since mom died and I . . . I want to get her a . . . tombstone." The word stuck in his throat as it always did. In the silence, he wondered as before why neither his father nor uncle had done this simple deed. Maybe brother and sister had been too close, perhaps for his father the pain lay subterfuged and unpurged.

"I understand," his father finally said, "but wait a few months before telling Bill. He's been sick —"

"What?—"

"He had an operation — intestines I think — so he's not in the best frame of mind to talk . . . about it. But I'm sure he'd approve."

"It should have been done a long time ago, you know."

"I know."

"Will you pay for it?"

"Of course."

"I wanna go out there; I'll take care of it. And I want an inscription. I think the three of us should decide on what to say on . . . it, okay?"

"Fine, but wait before asking him."

"I will, but you be thinking about it. Let me know her favorite poets, that kind of thing. 'Cause it's real important to me that we do it now!"

"Okay love, I'll get on it. Anything else?"

"No, I just want you —"

"Bye bye."

"Bye . . . "

The rest of the summer, the tombstone lodged in his mind. Mentally he would write her name, year of birth and death, and space them out neatly on the stone, leaving the unknown inscription for the middle. A few things were certain: the marker itself should be attractive but not gaudy, a light beige or an off-white. The borders should be simple, almost austre; no flowers, fancy hearts, or musical cherubim. Her life had been as unpretentious as her death.

By the middle of September, having waited as long as he could, he spoke to his uncle. It was a short strained conversation, one that had been previously hinted at in his letters. He explained his feelings, judiciously softening his voice so as not to sound angry or impatient. Unlike his father, his uncle gave a quick gruff "yes," and mentioned that he knew someone in town who die monument work. He would look into it. "He still must not be feeling well," he thought to himself, and put down the receiver.

His uncle *had* settled the question of where the headstone would be made. He had toyed with the idea of going north to Barre, Vermont and finding some old granite cutter to do the lettering. He had seen a sampling of the craft in the local cemetery several years before and had been impressed by the art involved in giving beauty to hard New England stone.

But money had been an obvious problem: it would cost quite a lot to ship a tombstone to the West Coast. And on second thought, it seemed appropriate that it be made *there*, where she had grown up. As autumn briskly arrived, he turned his full attention to the two lines. He knew they would be all the space available to sum up who she was and how she had touched others in her fifty two years. Looked at in that light, it frightened him.

His father had given him clues. Two female poets were named: Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Their names had the ring of poetry, but he found Browning's verse too stilted and Millay's too gothic. He turned, instinctively, to Keats, but though his language was soaringly rich he knew it too was archaic.

He had one other piece of information. When she was in her teens, is mother had acted in a modern fairy tale, "The Bluebird," and it had apparently remained close to her heart for the rest of her life. His father had told him this as an afterthought, but the son scoured the Public Library in search of the book. Tucked away among more glaring titles he found it, bound in black with BLUEBIRD lettered in orange on the front.

The pages had yellowed considerably, but not the story. The fantastic tale of two children's search for the bluebird of happiness was read in one sitting. The plot of course was secondary. He was looking for some phrase, some passage that would speak of her; a connection between author and reader that would fill in the blank on the stone.

He had found nothing. Checking other sources proved just as futile. It was now December: at the end of the month he would be leaving for California, all arrangements having been made. He called his father again, this time direct.

"It's a pretty story, but I can't find anything in it to use for mom."

"Why don't you make it up yourself?" He had initially thought of that in June, but it had seemed unfair. There were three of them after all, husband, brother, and son — why should he be the one to carry that burden, choosing each word knowing that once engraved there was no second chance?

"I better ask Bill —"

"I'm sure he'd want you to. You're her son!"

And she was your wife!"

"Yes . . . "

Was there a tremor in the voice? He wasn't sure. Another phone call a day later, and it was settled.

The next few nights were the most difficult, his natural poetic instincts suddenly haywire. It had to be right, had to capture her spirit in a style simpler than the elegant sonnets of Browning or the elegies of Millay. A few of the latter's best epitaphs he typed up, in case of emergency:

What From The Splendid Dead
We Have Inherited
Above These Cares
My Spirit In Calm Abiding

It was while skimming through "Bluebird" that it came to him, the words emerging slowly as if out of a deep sleep: *The Bluebird is in all of you/in all that love.* He looked at it, and the memories switched on. He saw the wide-mouthed smile and the sparkling eyes before Cancer rode into town for the second time. Again he was sitting beside his father in the first pew, only now his hand willingly squeezed back. Then he was standing by the front door, after the service, greeting the mourners as they filed past. The frames weren't quite as jumpy; the focus was better.

There were one or two other versions, each slightly different in phrasing, but his father and uncle both liked the motif, and the proper syntax came without trouble. It now read:

The Bluebird is Alive
In All Who Love

It was two weeks before Christmas, and the round-trip ticket was waiting for him in Pittsburgh.

3

Two days after the New Year, he went with Bill's daughter to a small one story store, half office and display, half shed. The man behind the counter was friendly and attentive, and this eased the pounding in his chest though the childhood stomach knots remained. The information was to the point: her name, born 1917, died 1969, *"The Bluebird is Alive in All Who Love."* It made more sense to put the inscription last the man told him, and he agreed. That way there'd be no missing it.

In the back, he picked out the color. After rummaging for a few minutes, he chose a light grey, plain, but not garish like the reds, or forboding like the black marker with the white design. The man said it would take a week to ten days, and would cost two hundred dollars, including setting. He wired his father for more money and waited, a glad anxiety taking hold of him, a sense that the hole inside would be at least partially filled.

The ride to the cemetery was long and silent. His uncle was not feeling well, but he would not have asked him to come. Once or twice they had talked about her, but not about *this* moment. He sat in the back seat, his aunt and cousin in the front, troubled by an anger at his father for not being there with him; an anger he knew was futile and unnecessary.

Just outside the gates, they found a flower shop. He recognized it immediately as the same one he had visited four and a half years before. Once again he bought three long-stem red roses, and this time a plastic vase built with a point to hold the flowers tightly against the earth. He found himself anxious, part of him wanting to get it over with, another part wanting to feel the pain as part of a carefully measured ritual.

They had to find out in the office what plot she was buried in. The man in charge gave them a map, as if each row were a street and each section a block of weatherbeaten houses. With it they found her row, E, in less than a minute, the two women accompanying him in the short walk. She had been buried beside her mother, and they found the headstone MEYERFELD leaning back with age.

About fifteen feet to the right, laid flat against the ground, was the marker. They could not help but admire the artistry, for it was indeed beautiful. "Your father and uncle will be very proud," he half-heard his cousin say. He planted the vase, his eyes on The Bluebird, and knelt down, suddenly alone.

He had thought that a flood of memories would now sweep by him with the words finally carved. A montage scene, a kaleidiscope of her. Instead, a blur of emotions and deja vu raced into black. The swirl of grief, joy, relief, embarassment all returned, as did the dryness in the throat and the cold palms. He was transfixed by the stone, mumbling to himself "Mom, I had to do it, I . . . love you." It was all he could say. The wind picked up; after one last reading, he walked back to the car and cried.

CALLS OF LOONS

There are calls of loons
from shadowed spaces
in the forest's dusk.
You cherished their high-pitched
sound and interpreted
their calls to me.
While I still hear
the calls at night,
you wait at dim subway stops
and hear callings of New York.
The loons still call to you
but nobody here listens
the way you would do.
I know that New York drags
your anxious spirit down
and soon you will be
next to me in bed and
instead of drowning out
the city noise, you'll be
listening to loons
attentively.

Glenn Sheldon

Cont. from pg 18

firmative action programs. The Court ruled that only those programs that used strict quotas based solely on race were unconstitutional. So affirmative action, while temporarily staggered, still stood.

The question of reverse discrimination came up again this year in another Supreme Court case. In a 5-2 decision, the Court said that a voluntary job training program that gave preference to qualified minorities did not discriminate against a white male who was not accepted into the program. That decision has been viewed as a major victory by supporters of affirmative action.

In a brief interview following the AAAA conference, Robert Johnson said that, at this time, UMass/Boston was not acting affirmatively toward minorities and women. He added, however, that he felt the university would strengthen its committment to affirmative action in the future.

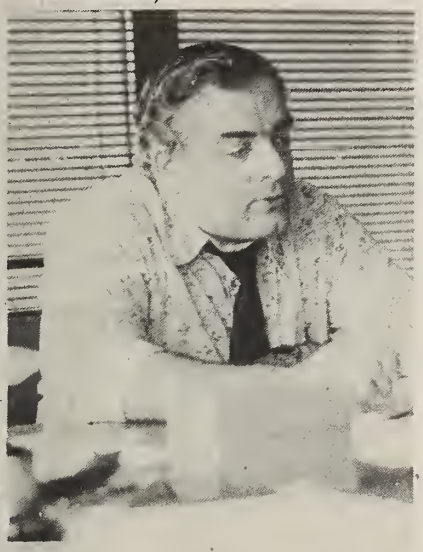
"We have a new Chancellor who is committed to affirmative action, we've got a new plan which will be complete within the near future. It looks like the internal mechanisms are beginning to change. So I envision that the days ahead will be affirmative."

news analysis

Cont. from pg 19

grievance against the university with the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination specifically citing the dean and the chancellor for discriminatory action. She also stated that the Affirmative Action office on campus, directed by Robert C. Johnson, "had given every assistance they could" and, when questioned about the effectiveness of that office, felt "It is potentially a viable force on campus." Neither Riccards nor Johnson would comment on the Truesdell case, which is currently being negotiated and will probably end up in a compromise situation with Truesdell relinquishing her tenurability and becoming a part-time faculty member.

Truesdell's dismissal has not only left UMass/Boston with an all-white English faculty, but has also reduced the number of full-time black women faculty members to two, Monique Garrity of the economics department and Marcia Lloyd, of the Art department, who is currently embroiled in her own tenure dispute. There are 92 full-time white women on the UMass/Boston faculty. The ratio of 92 white women to two black women stands in mute testimony to UMass/Boston's reputation as a university that can not hold on to or drives away its minority faculty. Dean Riccards stated "That picture will change in the future." However, as Marilyn Truesdell observed, "The dean and the chancellor argue that they have had an unfortunate record for affirmative action but it will change *for the future*, and the students currently here suffer. When highly qualified successful faculty are lost, the current students are not given the total spectrum of education that they could be receiving." Also, the commitment of the university and specifically the dean to affirmative action must be questioned when faced with the fact that, "In the past two years, four out of five black faculty members up for tenure have been rejected at the dean's level." (from an FSU fact sheet on affirmative action at UMass/Boston).



Octavio Ramirez

Dean Michael Riccards

editorial

Cont. from pg 19

trition rate among both black students and black faculty; minority enrollment at the CPCS college downtown is considerably higher than at the harbor campus.

Perhaps, as Robert Johnson claimed in a *Mass Media* interview this spring, the problem, at least then, was one of commitment. As mentioned in an article accompanying this piece, Johnson seems to feel that things are changing and that our new chancellor holds a firm commitment to the principles and programs of Johnson's office. In this spring's interview, Johnson said that he was sure "there is no system, no program, for recruitment of minority students, or poor students, for that matter." This statement annoyed a lot of people who *were* involved in such recruitment efforts, and their criticism, were well taken; there certainly are attempts being made at attracting and opening the doors of UMass to non-traditional applicants. But Johnson's complaint was in a way equally well taken. All these sorts of programs run by UMass have a desultory effect — there really is no university-wide system or commitment to racial balance, and each attempt is almost always the work of one individual or part of a larger program.

But perhaps this is not a problem with affirmative action per se. Perhaps what we are seeing here is a reflection of the fragmentation and "seige mentality" at UMass/Boston. Just as the harbor campus is especially an ivory tower, isolated from all Boston neighborhoods, and at least symbolically from the academic community, every group at UMass seems to operate in its own vacuum, without coordination with, or even trust of, other groups which may have similar goals. Ad hoc committees come in and out with the tide, it seems, and demonstrations for blacks and for women, against salary cuts and tuition hikes sweep the plaza as frequently as the harbor winds. There is never any long-range organization around the common goal of making, or keeping, UMass/Boston a humane, quality university in *all* facets. The involvement of students around individual issues, for instance the Clyde Evans tenure case and the budget and salary cuts, noble as that involvement may be, are short-lived and never develop into any sort of movement or broad-based commitment. This betokens a vision of the university, among students, faculty, and administration as a soapbox for special-interest gripes and a catapult for individual careers rather than something to be built into a viable, urban, "working man's Harvard."

Maybe this is just a lack of trust of any concentration of power, a result of the national post-Watergate malaise, but it seems no university has the difficulty coordinating its various factions as the young harbor campus. Unless we begin to develop a calm, mutual effort toward quality education, MBM's fragile handiwork, both CAS and CPS, may well fall into the sea, unnoticed by a university community too involved in its individual problems to control the pressures created by its internal squabbles.

HAIKU?

Many persons don't think.
Of those people I think often
But not much.

D. Scott Robinson

NO Cont. from pg 20

vocates the use of business facilities to train students from CPS. The university's purpose is not to subsidize corporate training programs, but, rather, allow students to expand their knowledge of the world.

The growth of CPS and the shrinking of CAS is related to the recent tuition hikes and overall budget cuts at all institutions of public higher education in Massachusetts. Governor King's decision to increase tuition at the state universities over the next two years parallels moves by his administration to cut public services. Higher education is being sacrificed in an attempt to attract big business to the state with extensive tax breaks. As students at UMB we must not bicker amongst ourselves over dwindling resources, but work together to comprehend and control the forces behind educational cutbacks.

YES Cont. from pg 20

should be — all about. Unlike the several other universities in the Boston area, UMB attracts students from two main urban groups: lower-income students, and older students who work. The education of such students is, in fact, UMB's *raison d'etre.* Therefore, it is essential that the university give priority to the programs that are must useful to these lower-income and working students.

CPS is such a program. It is not a coincidence that demand in CPS has recently expanded, with a simultaneous dropoff in CAS enrollment. It is simply a reflection of what UMass students want. And they want CPS because they know that they *need* CPS — they need a degree in management to enable them to climb the success ladder in the corporate world. It's fashionable these days, especially among relatively affluent young college students, to decry the corporate state, to suggest that we would all live much better lives if only less emphasis was placed on business success. Regardless of the idealism of this view, it remains a fact that to succeed financially — that is, make money — one must learn to handle the business world.

It is true that liberal arts courses of the sort offered by CAS are indispensable in teaching a student to think critically, and, in general, developing a well-rounded human being. I do not suggest that such courses be given any less attention. But the students of UMB know what they want. They have demonstrated in increasing numbers that they want to combine professional training with their liberal arts education. The stubborn elitism of those whose idea of what a university should be must not be allowed to stand in the way of these students' chances of building a better life.

THE RESTAURANT IS CLOSED

The floor has tilted.
You crash into walls.
You have money in your pocket
but your feet hurt.
You want to think you're enjoying the wine
but you could vomit in minutes.

The restaurant is closed.
The cook is drowning a young mouse
in the sink.
The running water
makes you sicker and then
the silence
when you know
you have only money in your pocket
and food in your fingernails.
Sitting alone with a dead mouse
you think of love
the way you think of other planets.
You haven't stopped in so long.
You haven't wanted to know.

The restaurant is closed.
Someone's counting money.
The cook is making a drink.
Soon you'll go home
to piles of clothes on the floor
that smell of your body
working, sweating to be loved.
You'll still be dizzy
swirling around
but too big
to go down the drain.

Jane E. Mohler

The UMB PUB

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THURSDAY NOV. 1

Rm 1/2/200
2:30

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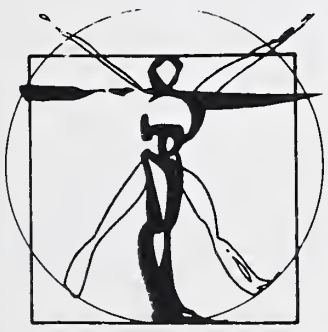
THE QUIET RIOT
Innovative Mime Theatre



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featuring . . . KEVIN O'CONNOR
BILL METTLER

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8
Large Science Aud. 2:30

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☆ ★ ☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆ ★ ☆
☆ The Comedy Connection ☆
☆ Irish Folk Singer ☆
watch for further details

Achilles Later

Acute premonitions gnaw at the bone
of an occupant at Riverside Apts.
where the present dies while residing.
This occupant, who shall remain nameless,
while depending on the clues in the news
for his native intelligence,
is also bitter as he fades
because he's never been paid to do it
like the guys in the stag movies.
he became noticeably subliminal
when he concluded that society is aboriginal;
and though afraid of the word illusion
he considers it a good conclusion.
After he started using Typperware
and sleeping in the nude,
he declared himself an agnostic.
When his measured guests check in
and spout about anything that seems to fit,
he clings to it like meat to bone.
He once declared that there are no landscapes,
so he settled for a view
(his roccoco fantasy for years).
His occasional barbecues are episodes
experienced with cue-card dialogues,
but it's not his fault or plan.
I wish someone or something
would give him the inspiration
for a line he could recline in
when wondering if he has cause
to feel unique.
His climb to dominion is over now,
his girl has been relinquished to another
but sometines around dusk
he hears a voice whispering from the bushes
about his once powerful lust.
He says that he sleeps better now
even though he knows that his wife
is living a sordid life;
she often decides that she deserves
a break today,
so she meets this guy
who when not doing it her way
is making the fries at a local Mc Donalds.
Now he likes to sit out on his patio
with a six-pack, gaze at the stars
and watch the cars rushing by like a river.
he thought there was going to be a river
when he first checked the apartments out.
He now considers the fraud just another irony
to add to his composite of a well adapted mortality.

Gary Evans